Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_C0-ADX-548

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,

AND OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS;

TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE.

BY

THOMAS PERCY,
LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE.

REPRINTED ENTIRE FROM THE AUTHOR'S LAST EDITION.

With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH: JAMES NICHOL.
LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO. DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.
M.DCCC.LVIII.

821.08
D432r2
vol. 2
DREW UNIVERSITY
MADISON, N.J.
LIBRARY

BROTHERS COLLEGE

CONTENTS.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

		Page
I.	Richard of Almaigne	1
II.	On the Death of K. Edward I.	4
III.	An Original Ballad by Chaucer	8
IV.	The Turnament of Tottenham	10
V.	For the Victory at Agincourt	20
VI.	The Not-browne Mayd	21
VII.	A Balet by the Earl Rivers	36
VIII.	Cupid's Assault, by Lord Vaux	37
IX.	Sir Aldingar	40
X.	The Guberlunzie Man, a Scottish Song, by K. James V.	49
XI.	On Thomas Lord Cromwell	52
XII.	Harpalus, an ancient English Pastoral	55
XIII.	Robin and Makyne, an ancient Scottish Pastoral	59
XIV.	Gentle Herdsman, tell to me	64
XV.	K. Edward IV. and Tanner of Tamworth	67
XVI.	As ye Came from the Holy Land	75
XVII.	Hardyknute, a Scottish Fragment, by Sir J. Bruce	78

BOOK II.

I.	A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman	93
II.	John Anderson my Jo, a Scottish Song	98
III.	Little John Nobody	99
IV.	Q. Elizabeth's Verses, while Prisoner at Woodstock	103
V.	The Heir of Linne	104
VI.	Gascoigne's Praise of the Fair Bridges, afterwards Lady Sandes	112
VII.	Fair Rosamond, by Thomas Delone	116
VIII.	Queen Eleanor's Confession	125
IX.	The Sturdy Rock	129
X.	The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green	130
	An Essay on the Word Fit, and the Ancient Ballad-singing	141
XI.	Fancy and Desire, by the Earl of Oxford	143
XII.	Sir Andrew Barton	145
XIII.	Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament, a Scottish Song	157

153875

		Page
XIV.	The Murder of the King of Scots	160
XV.	A Sonnet, by Q. Elizabeth	163
XVI.	King of Scots and Andrew Browne, by W. Elderton	165
XVII.	The Bonny Earl of Murray, a Scottish Song	170
XVIII.	Young Waters, a Scottish Ballad	171
XIX.	Mary Ambree	174
XX.	Brave Lord Willoughbey	178
XXI.	Victorious Men of Earth, by James Shirley	182
XXII.	The Winning of Cales	183
XXIII.	The Spanish Lady's Love	186
XXIV.	Argentile and Curan, by W. Warner	190
XXV.	Corin's Fate	202
XXVI.	Jane Shore	204
XXVII.	Corydon's Doleful Knell	212

BOOK III.

	Essay on the Metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions	216
I.	The Complaint of Conscience	216, 225
II.	Plain Truth, and Blind Ignorance	230
III.	The Wandering Jew	236
IV.	The Lye, by Sir Walter Raleigh	241
V.	Verses (viz. two Sonnets) by K. James I.	244
VI.	K. John and the Abbot of Canterbury	246
VII.	You Meaner Beauties, by Sir H. Wotton	250
VIII.	The Old and Young Courtier	252
IX.	Sir John Suckling's Campaigne	256
X.	To Althea, from Prison, by Col. Lovelace	258
XI.	The Downfall of Charing-Cross	259
XII.	Loyalty Confined, by Sir Roger L'Estrange	261
XIII.	Verses by King Charles I.	264
XIV.	The Sale of Rebellious Houshold-Stuff	268
XV.	The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy	272
XVI.	Why so Pale? by Sir John Suckling	278
XVII.	Old Tom of Bedlam. Mad song the First	279
XVIII.	The Distracted Puritan. Mad song the Second	282
XIX.	The Lunatic Lover. Mad Song the Third	285
XX.	The Lady Distracted with Love. Mad Song the Fourth	287
XXI.	The Distracted Lover. Mad Song the Fifth	289
XXII.	The Frantic Lady. Mad Song the Sixth	290
XXIII.	Lilli Burlero, by Lord Wharton	291
XXIV.	The Braes of Yarrow, in imitation of the ancient Scots manner, by W. Hamilton	294
XXV.	Admiral Hosier's Ghost, by Mr. Glover	299
XXVI.	Jemmy Dawson, by Mr. Shenstone	302
	The Glossary	307

Though some make slight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the wind sits; As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

'A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,'

——affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard, King of the Romans, 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the first stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the second stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the Earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Walingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.——Windsor castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The third stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on

the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he baricadoed, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the Chronicle of Mailros. Oxon. 1684. p. 229.

The fourth stanza is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the Barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to overrun the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the Barons would have opposed his landing.

In the fifth stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the sixth and seventh stanzas insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; *th* being every where expressed by the character þ; the ẏ is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the ỳ hath an oblique stroke over it.

Sitteth alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,
Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng;
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlỳng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
He saisede the mulne for a castel,

Ver. 2, kyn, MS.

With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
He wende that the sayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
Brohte from Alemayne monẏ sori gost
To store Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche sẏnne,
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the selver, and ẏ-boren henne,
For love of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ẏs chẏn,
Hevede he nou here the erl of Warẏn,
Shuld he never more come to is ẏn,
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gẏn,
To help of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot
Shulde he never more with his sot pot
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Ver. 40, g'te here MS. *i e.* grant their. *Vid.* Gloss.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,
Shalt thou never more breke foreward;
Ant that reweth sore
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,
Forsoke thyn emes lore
Richard, &c.

*** This Ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our statute book, viz. 'Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people.' (Westm. Primer, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) That it had this effect is the opinion of an eminent writer: See 'Observations upon the Statutes, &c.' 4to. 2d Edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite, Piers Gaveston, spent the money upon their pleasures.——To do the greater honour

Ver. 44, This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence, as a modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than fifty or sixty years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

Alle, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A stounde herkneth to my song
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;
Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
Yent al this world is nome con springe:
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge,
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
He spek ase mon that wes in care,
'Clerkes, knyhtes, barons,' he sayde,
'Y charge ou by oure sware,
That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
For he is nest to buen y-core.

Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt,
That hit be write at mi devys,
Over the see that Hue [1] be diht,
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
In werre that buen war ant wys,
Ayein the hethene for te fyhte,
To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
Myself ycholde yef that y myhte.'

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest [sinne,]
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
To latte the wille of [Edward kyng]
To wende to the holy londe:
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to yeme ant wysse,
To wenden in to the holy londe
To wynnen us heveriche blisse.

The messager to the pope com,
And seyde that our kynge was ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte was full gret:
The Pope him self the lettre redde,
Ant spec a word of gret honour.
'Alas!' he seid, 'is Edward ded?
Of Christendome he ber the flour.'

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he speke na more;
Ant after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,

Ver. 33, sunne, MS.—Ver. 35, kyng Edward, MS.—Ver. 43, ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

[1] The name of the person who was to preside over this business.

Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnetè,
Ther me con the soule blesse:
'Kyng Edward honoured thou be:
God love thi sone come after the,
Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
The holy crois y-mad of tre,
So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore
The flour of al chivalrie
Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
Alas! that he yet shulde deye!
He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie
Er we a such kyng han y-founde.'

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
King of Engelond al aplyht,
God lete him ner be worse man
Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,
To holden is pore men to rhyt,
And understonde good counsail,
Al Engelong for to wysse ant dyht;
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
Ant min herte yzote of bras,

Ver. 55, 59, Me, *i.e.* Men; so in Robert of Gloucester *passim*.

The godness myht y never telle,
That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
In uch bataille thou hadest prys;
God bringe thi soule to the honour,
That ever wes, ant ever ys.

*** Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
Jesus us sende. Amen.

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen Round O. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their 'wings' and 'axes:' the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary Rondeau.—Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

I. 1.

Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.
So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo [ther [1]] is non other mene.
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE.

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his 'Rhyme of sir Thopas' in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,[2] it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Tournament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly, the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of ridicule. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous Tournament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

[1] This, MS.—[2] See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoirs de la Chevalerie, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

'The Turnament of Tottenham' was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to, by the rev. Whilhem Bedwel, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bibie, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died, with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, intitled, 'Passio Domini Jesu Christi.' Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III. because Tournaments were prohibited in that reign. 'I do verily beleeve,' says he, 'that this Tournament was acted before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our authour sayth, "It was no childrens game." And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?' It is however well known that Tournaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's book.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde;
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,
In story as we rede
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
Of them that were dughty
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
Ther was mad a shurtyng by the hy-way:

Theder com al the men of the contray,
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
And all the swete swynkers.
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
That they schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast;
Perkyn the potter into the press past,
And sayd, 'Randol the refe, a dozter thou hast,
Tyb the dere:
Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelry
Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.'

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,
And sayd, 'Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves;
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves;
We er rycher men then he, and more gode haves
Of catell and corn;'
Then sayd Perkyn, 'To Tybbe I have hyzt
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,
Or elles yet to morn.'

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, 'Ever be he waryd,
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:
I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,
But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd;
Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Ver. 20, It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be conts, or conters.

Thys day sevenyzt,—
Wyth a flayl for to fyzt:
And [he], that is most of myght
Schal brouke hur wyth wynne.

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre be the common assent,
For to wynne my dozter with [dughtynesse] of dent,
And [coppell] my brode-henne [that] was brozt out of Kent:
And my dunnyd kowe
For no spens wyl I spare,
For no cattell wyl I care,
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe.'

Ther was many [a] bold lad ther bodyes to bede:
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they yede;
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.
They armed ham in matts;
Thay set on ther nollys,
For to kepe ther pollys,
Gode blake bollys,
For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld not brest:
Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest:
[A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,]
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,
Furth gon thay fare:

Ver. 48, Dozty, MS.—Ver. 49, coppeld. We still use the phrase 'a copple-crowned hen.'—Ver. 57, gayed, PC.—Ver. 66, is wanting in MS. and supplied from PC.

Ther was kyd mekyl fors,
Who schuld best fend hys cors:
He that had no gode hors;
He gat hym a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft:
Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft
On a sek ful of fedyrs, for scho schuld syt soft,
And led [till the gap].
For cryeng of the men
Forther wold not Tyb then,
Tyl scho had hur brode hen
Set in hur lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borowed for the nonys,
And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,
And a broche on hur brest ful of [sapphyre] stonys,
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the nonys;
For no [spendings] thay had spared.
When joly Gyb saw hur thare,
He gyrd so hys gray mare,
[That scho lete a fowkin] fare
At the rereward.

'I wow to God,' quoth Herry, 'I schal not lefe behynde,
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

Ver. 72, He borrowed him, PC.—Ver. 76, The MS. had once sedys, *i.e.* seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedyrs, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, *i.e.* Mustard-seed.—Ver. 77, And led hur to cap. MS.—Ver. 83, Bedwell's PC. has 'Ruel-Bones.'—Ver. 84, safer stones, MS.—Ver. 85, wrotyn, *i.e.* wrought. PC. reads, written.—Ver. 86, No catel [perhaps chatel] they had spared, MS.—Ver. 89, Then . . . faucon, MS.

I wot I schall hym greve.'
'Wele sayd,' quoth Hawkyn.
'And I wow,' quoth Dawkyn,
May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
His flayle I schal hym reve.'

'I make a vow,' quoth Hud, 'Tyb, son schal thou se,
Whych of all thys bachelery [granted] is the gre:
I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;
In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,
Myn armes ar so clere:
I bere a reddyl, and a rake,
Poudred wyth a brenand drake,
And three cantells of a cake
In ycha cornere.'

'I vow to God,' quoth Hawkyn, 'yf [I] have the gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde [thrustand] here aboute,
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,
When I begyn to play.
I make avowe that I ne schall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call,
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away.'

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede;
'Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,
For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,
I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:
I am armed at the full;

Ver. 101, grant, MS.—Ver. 109, yf he have, MS.—Ver. 110, the MS. literally has th^{r}. sand, here.

In myn armys I bere wele
A doz trogh, and a pele,
A sadyll wythout a panell,
Wyth a fles of woll.'

'I make a vow,' quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,
'Whyls me ys left my [mare,] thou gets hurr not swa;
For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,
There is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga;
Sche wul ne nozt begyle:
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
On a lang somerys day,
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,
Nozt other half myle.'

'I make a vow,' quoth Perkyn, 'thow speks of cold rost,
I schal wyrch [wyselyer] withouten any bost:
Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,
And here I grant thaym Tybbe.
Wele boyes here ys he,
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,
For I am in my jolyte,
Wyth so forth, Gybbe.'

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie,
With flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre:
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold be:
Thayr baners were ful bryzt

Ver. 128, merth, MS.—Ver. 137, fwyselier, MS.—Ver. 146, flailes, and harnisse, PC.

Of an old rotten fell;
The cheveron of a plow-mell;
And the schadow of a bell,
Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt [was] no chylder game, whan thay togedyr met,
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet,
And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,
And few wordys spokėn.
Ther were flayles al to slatred,
Ther wer scheldys al to flatred,
Bollys and dysches al to schatred,
And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-saddellys, & clatteryng of cannes;
Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;
Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,
And yll were thay besene, or thay went thanns,
Wyth swyppyng of swepyls:
Thay were so wery for-foght,
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,
But creped about in the [croft,]
As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute;
'Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:
An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!
That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,
For no cost wyl I spare.'

Ver. 151, The Chiefe, PC.—Ver. 154, yt ys, MS.—Ver. 168, The boyes were, MS.—Ver. 170, creped then about in the croft, MS.

He styrt up as a snayle,
And hent a capul be the tayle,
And [reft] Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:
Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha:
The capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,
But styl gon thay stond.
'Alas!' quoth Hudde, 'my joye I lese;
Mee had lever then a ston of chese,
That dere Tyb had al these,
And wyst it were my sond.'

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,
Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang;
He threw tham doun to the erth, and thrast tham amang,
When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,
And after hym ran;
Off his horse he hym drogh,
And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:
'We te he!' quoth Tyb, and lugh,
'Ye er a dughty man.'

[Thus] thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt:
All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt
Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt;
And sum brozt gret harwos,

Ver. 179, razt, MS.—Ver. 185, stand, MS.—Ver. 189, sand, MS.—Ver. 199, Thys, MS.

Ther husbandes hom to fetch,
Sum on dores, and sum on hech,
Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,
And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, [on] everych syde,
And grant hym ther [the gre,] the more was hys pryde:
Tyb and he, wyth gret [mirth], homward con thay ryde,
And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde:
And thay [to church went:]
So wele hys nedys he has sped,
That dere Tyb he [hath] wed;
The prayse-folk that hur led,
Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones;
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand [thither] on the stonys;
Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;
Of sum were the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys:
With sorrow come thay thedyr.
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr.

[1] At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,
Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;

Ver. 204, hom for to fetch, MS.—Ver. 208, about everych side, MS.—Ver. 209, the gre, is wanting in MS.—Ver. 210, mothe, MS.—Ver. 212, And thay ifere assent, MS.—Ver. 214, had wed, MS.—Ver. 215, The cheesemen, PC.—Ver. 218, trippand on, MS.

[1] In the former impressions this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed edition, but it is here copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a money account, and other heterogeneous matter.

And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;
And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray:
Mekyl myrth was them among;
In every corner of the hous
Was melody delycyous
For to here precyus
Of six menys song.[1]

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureate of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes.

Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria!
Owre kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, &c.

[1] Six-men's song, *i.e.* a song for six voices. So Shakespeare uses 'Three-man song-men,' in his Winter's Tale, A. III. Sc. 3. to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakesp. has 'Three-men beetle;' *i.e.* a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. A. I. Sc. 3.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
He spared [for] drede of leste, ne most,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God most myzty
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were ledde in to Lundone
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That he with merth mowe savely synge
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's 'Henry and Emma,' this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the 'Prolusions,' 8vo, 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of 'Arnolde's Chronicle,' a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the 'Prolusions' the following is printed, with a few additional

improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book[1] preserved in the public library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the 'Prolusions' will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the 'Nutbrowne Mayd' was first revived in 'The Muses' Mercury for June, 1707.' 4to, being prefaced with a little 'Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:' in which this poem is concluded to be 'near 300 years old,' upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No. 3777.] The editor of the 'Prolusions' thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's tale of 'The Serjeant,' &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

'Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.'

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the 'Prolusions:' we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

[1] This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr W.'

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;[1]
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But, nevertheless, ryght good wytnèsse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continùe:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll also
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me answère;

Ver. 2, Woman. Prolusions, and Mr. West's copy.—Ver. 11, her, *i.e.* their.

[1] My friend Mr Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a Latinism:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
On women to complayne.

Wherfore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
'I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse;
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse:
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Wherof grete harme shall growe:
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be.
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

O lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart nat so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.

Ver. 63, The somers, Prol.

Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
To part with you, the same:

Ver. 91, Shall it never. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 94, Althought. Mr. W.

And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

Ver. 117, To shewe all. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 133, I say nat. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 138, and store. Camb. copy.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth [men] many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne

Ver. 150, socours. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 162, and night. Camb. copy. —Ver. 164, to helpe ye with my myght. Prol. and Mr. W.

The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre;
And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No shetés clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;

Ver. 172, frost and rayne. Mr. W.—Ver. 174, Ye must. Prol.—Ver. 190, shortley gone. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 196, Neyther here. Prol. and Mr. W.

None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne;
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be:
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can;

Ver. 201, Lo myn. Mr. W.—Ver. 207, May ye nat fayle. Prol.—*Ib.* May nat fayle. Mr. W.—Ver. 219, above your ere. Prol.—Ver. 220, above the kne. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 223, the same. Prol. and Mr. W.

Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye; Now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why,——
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a womàn.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver. 251, For I must to the grene wode go. Prol. and Mr. W.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved
A squyer of lowe degrè;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To dy therfore [1] anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursed dede,
Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:

Ver. 253, yet is. Camb. copy. Perhaps for yt is.—Ver. 262, dy with him. Editor's MS.—Ver. 278, outbrayd. Prol. and Mr. W.

[1] *i.e.* for this cause; though I were to die for having loved you.

But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,
And courteys every hour;

Ver. 282, ye be as. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 283, Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. Prol. and Mr W.

Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
[Of them I wolde be one;]
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordés on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than, were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:

Ver. 310, So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
Yet wold I be that one.
Ver. 315, of all. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 325, gladder. Prol. and Mr. W.

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I wyll nat dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge,
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable;
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one;
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

Ver. 340, grete lynyage. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 347, Then have. Prol.—Ver. 348, And no banyshed. Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 352, This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W.—Ver. 355, proved—loved. Prol. and Mr. W.—*Ib.* as loveth. Camb.—Ver. 357, Forsoth. Prol. and Mr. W.

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville, the gallant Earl Rivers, has been placed by the elegant author of the 'Catal. of Noble Writers,'[1] interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own hand writing. 'In tempore,' says this writer, 'incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum Balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what musyng,' &c. Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213. In Rouse the 2d stanza, &c. is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in 'Ancient Songs, from the time of K. Hen. III. to the Revolution,' page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus·

'Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
And sore sighying, All desolate.
My remembrying Of my livyng
My death wishying Bothe erly and late.

Infortunate Is so my fate
That wote ye what, Out of mesure
My life I hate; Thus desperate
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c.'

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,
In remembring The unstydfastnes;
This world being Of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowtles, Remediles,
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

[1] Horace Walpole.—ED.

With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,
And no suraunce Of remedy.]
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,
And that gretly, To be content:
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
But I ne went Thus to be shent,
But sho hit ment; Such is hur won.

VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

The reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries; if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his 'Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589, 4to.' a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. 'In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. "When Cupid scaled," &c.' p. 200.——For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.——See another song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

When Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

Ver. 15, That fortune. Rossi Hist.—Ver. 19, went, *i.e.* weened.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
Alarme! alarme! he gan to call:
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
In colours like to white and blacke,
With powder and with pelletes prest
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of pouder he spared not
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore;
Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne
The scaling ladders were up set,
And Beautie walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under [his] targe;
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Ver. 30, her. Ed. 1557. so. Ed. 1585.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And halberdes with handy strokes;
The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the souldiers use
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
And pleaded up for my livès grant.

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
And Beauty entred with her band,
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,
And every souldier to retire,
And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner.

'Madame,' quoth I, 'sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Nedes must you with your handy warke,
Or salve my sore, or let me die.'

*** Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title. For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyat, and the E. of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his 'Art of English Poesie,

1589.' in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, 'In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th' elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italié, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie. . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . . In the same time, or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings.'[1]—Webbe in his 'Discourse of English Poetrie,' 1586, ranges them in the following order, 'The E. of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow.' And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey.——Again, the stile and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes. But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, 'I lothe that I did love,' [*vid.* vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, 'A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death.' Harl. MSS No. 1703, §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux[2], except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to Parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son, William, was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. II. p. 304.———Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the Poet.

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

[1] *i.e.* Compositions in English.—[2] In the Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596, he is called simply 'Lord Vaux the elder.'

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

'Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.'[1]

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
'If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring.'

'Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee.'
'Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

[1] He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.'

'If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.'

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
'A lodlye love,' king Harry says,
'For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.'

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee;
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

'Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see;
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame:
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee.——'
'Now out alacke!' said our comly queene,
'Sir Aldingar 's false to mee.

Now out alacke!' sayd our comlye queene,
'My heart with griefe will brast.
I had thought swevens had never been true;
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere:
And he wold worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare:

Saving there came a litle [gray] hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

Ver. 77, see below, ver. 137.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right.'

'Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.'

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene:
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde.'

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

'Why grieve you, damselle faire,' he sayd,
'And what doth cause you moane?'
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

'Yet turn againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will sende her cause.'

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And now queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
'Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.'

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

'Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene.'

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

'Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see.'

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

'Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,
Of height wee shall be meete.'

'A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingàr,
'While I am a man alive.
A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingàr,
'Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame:
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke!' sayes Aldingar,
'Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live.'
'Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.'

'Here take thy queene, our king Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.'

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone:
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
——The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte withinn his hall. ***

X.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was K. James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,[1] and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of 'The Gaberlunzie Man' and in another intitled 'The Jolly Beggar,' beginning thus:

> Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
> And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.
> Fa, la, la, &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,[2] where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' which is ascribed to K. James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this book is of opinion that Bp. Tanner was right.

K. James V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

The pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, 'Goodwife, for your courtesie,
  Will ye lodge a silly poor man?'
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
  And cadgily ranted and sang.

'O wow!' quo he, 'were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
  And I wad nevir think lang.'

[1] *sc.* of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.—[2] Vol. II. p. 203.

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sa thrang.

'And O!' quo he, 'ann ye were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou sould gang.'
'And O!' quoth she, 'ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clad me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths,
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, 'Dulefu' day!
For some of our geir will be gane.'
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist.
She dancid her lane, cryd, 'Praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,

Ver. 29, The Carline. Other copies.

Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my
bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben,'
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife can say,
'Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.'

'O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And hast ye, find these traitors agen;
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.'
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo she, 'to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.'
'My dear,' quo he, 'yee're yet owre yonge;
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.'

'Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed ·
The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.
Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee,
A cripple or blind they will cau me:
While we sall sing and be merrie—o.'

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. ——The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, 'A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called Trolle on away.' To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

Both man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
Now that he is set to learne to spell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the[e] in thy face,
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst.
Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,
Thy merchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.
Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace!
Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
Then it was tyme to purchase the[e] a place.
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the[e] hys seruyture;
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;
But euer was full of iniquite:
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the[e].
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke;
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to[o] hye,
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
Wherfore all Englande doth hate the[e], as I suppose,
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.
Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,

Ver. 32, *i.e.* Cain, or Ishmael. See below, the Note, Book II. No. III. stanza 3d.—Ver. 41, Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a Blacksmith at Putney: but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.

With al hys lordes of great honoure.
Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

*** The foregoing piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. Q. Mary, Q. Eliz. K. James I. &c.

XII.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the 'Songs and Sonnettes of the Earl of Surrey,' &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by 'Uncertain Auctours.' These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's Poems.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the 'Shepherd's Calendar,'[1] this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

Phylida was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

[1] First published in 1579.

But Phylida was all tò coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlandes make
Of couslips and of colombine;
And al for Corin's sake!

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;
For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
And drye as clot of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong all unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave.
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all [forewacht];
His face besprent with teares:
It semde unhap had him long [hatcht],
In mids of his dispaires.

Ver. 33, &c. The corrections are from Ed. 1574.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreath of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say)
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tigre to make tame,
That settes not by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into [a] flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

Corin he liveth carèlesse:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou [reapst], he takes the sheaves.

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde:
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastès wilde,
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke harde by the do:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:
The yong cow hath the bull:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-away! that nature wrought
The[e], Phylida, so faire:
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all tò deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest;
To th'ende that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares;
That she may feele within her brest
The paines of my dispaires:

Of Corin [who] is carèlesse,
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in great distresse,
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

'Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell love now slaine:
Whom Phylida unjustly thus
Hath murdred with disdaine.'

XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsey, from whose 'Ever-Green,' Vol. I. it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among 'Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo.' Mr. Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

'In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.'

Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. 'The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571.' Harleian MSS. 3865. § 1.

In Ramsay's 'Evergreen,' Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled 'The Lyon and the Mouse;' the other, 'The garment of gude Ladyis.' Some other of his Poems may be seen in the 'Ancient Scottish Poems printed from Bannatyne's MS.' above referred to.

Robin sat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
'O Robin rew on me:
I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
Thir towmonds twa or thre;
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless but dreid Ill die.'

Robin replied, 'Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:
Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me schaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law.'

'The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae danger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;
Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
Be patient and privie.'

Robin, he answert her againe,
'I wat not quhat is luve;'

Ver. 19, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770.—Ver. 21, So that no danger. Bannatyne's MS.

But I haif marvel in certaine
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
My sheep gais hail abuve;
And sould we pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve.'

'Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
And wirk all as I reid;
And thou sall haif my heart all hale,
Eik and my maiden-heid:
Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,
And for murning remeid,
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
Doubtless I am but deid.'

'Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to steir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then, Makyne, mak gude cheir.'

'Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
I luve bot thee alane.'
'Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is neir-hand gane.'
'Robin, in dule I am so drest,
That luve will be my bane.'
'Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye list,
For leman I luid nane.'

'Robin, I stand in sic a style,
I sich and that full sair.'
'Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;
At hame I wish I were.'
'Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.'
'Makyne, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.'

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:
Then Makyne cried on hie,
'Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
Quhat ailis luve at me?'

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheip.
Be that some part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip;
Hir fast he followt to assail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

'Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it sall be thyne,
Withouten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,
Will need of nae keiping.'

'Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
In gests and storys auld,
The man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
Be eiked their cares sae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play
Be forrest, firth, or fauld.'

'Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us espy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
Unseen may mak repair.'

'Robin, that warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an end:
And nevir again thereto, perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my pain thou made but play;
I words in vain did spend:
As thou hast done, sae sall I say,
Murn on, I think to mend.'

'Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is set;
I 'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feill,
Quhat grace so eir I get.'

Ver. 99, Bannatyne's MS. has woid, not woud, as in Ed. 1770.—Ver. 117, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, not faill, as in Ed. 1770.

'Robin, with thee I will not deill;
Adieu, for this we met.'

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair;
Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he sicht sair:
And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the rashy gair.

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the Virgo Parathalassia, in his colloquy, intitled, 'Peregrinatio religionis ergo.' He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to 'our lady of Walsingham.'[1] At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by *italics*.

'GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.'

[1] See at the end of this ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

'Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone.'

'Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence:
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.'

'Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne.'

'Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
*None ever more sin*cere *colde* bee;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

*When thus I saw he lo*ved me well,
*I grewe so proud his pa*ine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of *such a youth* as hee.

[1] And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;

[1] Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of 'Edwin and Emma;' the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray;
Unto the towne of Walsingam
Show me the right and readye way.'

'Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!'

**** To shew what constant tribute was paid to 'Our Lady of Walsingham,' I shall give a few extracts from the 'Household-Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland.' Printed 1770, 8vo.

Sect. XLIII. pag. 337, &c.

Item, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham,—iiij d.

Item, My Lorde usith ande accustumyth to sende yerely for the upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnynge yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenynge xj lb. of Wax in it after vij d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenaunt maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrnning,—vi s. viiij d.

Item, My Lord useth and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,—xij d.

Item, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—iij s. iiij d.

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH,

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the 'Art of English poesie,' 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called 'Acyron,' *i.e.*, 'When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;' he adds, 'Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to

king Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,'

for [I feare me] I shall be hanged; whereat the king laughed a good,[1] not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme; and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. I am afraid,' concludes this sagacious writer, 'the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward,' p. 214. ——The phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present[2], but occurs with some variation in another old poem, intitled 'John the Reeve,' described in the following volume, (see the Preface to 'the King and the Miller,') viz.

'Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
And Edward wer in this place,
Hee shold not touch this tonne:
He wold be wroth with John I hope,
Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come.' Pt. 2. st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, 'A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at Loudon, by John Danter, 1596.' This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old Ballad of 'The King and the Barker,' reprinted with other 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts and old Printed Copies, &c.' Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

[1] *Vid.* Gloss.—[2] Nor in that of the 'Barker' mentioned below.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.[1]

'Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.'

'God speede, God speede thee,' said our king,
'Thou art welcome sir,' sayd hee.
'The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee.'

'To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand.'

'That is an unreadye waye,' sayd our king,
'Thou doest but jest I see:
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.'

[1] In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A. D. 1466; among many other bequests has this, 'Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse.' *Vid.* Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27. Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

'Awaye with a vengeance!' quoth the tanner:
'I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.'

'Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare.'

'Gramercye for nothing,' the tanner replyde,
'Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I 've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.'

'God give thee joy of them,' sayd the king,
'And send them well to priefe.'
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

'What art thou,' hee sayde, 'thou fine fellòwe?
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe,
Might beseeme a lord to weare.'

'I never stole them,' quoth our king,
'I tell you, sir, by the roode.'
'Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode.'[1]

'What tydinges heare you,' sayd the kynge,
'As you ryde farre and neare?'
'I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare.'

[1] *i.e.* hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

'Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?'
'What, art thou a foole?' the tanner reply'd;
'I carry one under mee.'

'What craftsman art thou?' said the king,
'I praye thee tell me trowe.'
'I am a barker,[1] sir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?'

'I am a poore courtier, sir,' quoth he,
'That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.'

'Marrye, heaven forfend,' the tanner replyde,
'That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere.'

'Yet one thinge wolde I,' sayd our king,
'If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.'

'Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will have some boot of thee.'

'That were against reason,' sayd the king,
'I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.'

[1] *i.e.* a dealer in bark.

'Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare.'

'What boote wilt thou have?' our king reply'd;
'Now tell me in this stound.'
'Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round.'

'Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou will have it of mee.'
'I would have sworne now,' quoth the tanner,
'Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.'

'I will not have it,' sayd the kynge,
'I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.'

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

'Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon.'

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
The tanner a f** lett fall.
'Nowe marrye, good fellowe,' sayd the kyng,
'Thy courtesye is but small.'

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
And his foote in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast:
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

'Take thy horse again with a vengeance,' he sayd,
'With mee he shall not byde.'
'My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee.'

'What boote wilt thou have,' the tanner replyd,
'Nowe tell me in this stounde?'
'Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound.'

'Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine.'

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

'Nowe, out alas!' the tanner he cryde,
'That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.'

'They are no thieves,' the kinge replyde,
'I sweare, soe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.'

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have been awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

'A coller, a coller, here:' sayd the king,
'A coller' he loud gan crye:
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not been so nighe.

'A coller, a coller,' the tanner he sayd,
'I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
After a coller commeth a halter,
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe.'

'Be not afraid, Tanner,' said our king;
'I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the North countrie.[1]

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.'

'Gramercye, my liege,' the tanner replyde,
'For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.' ***

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

The scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.

---

[1] This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's 'Titles of Honour,' who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a Collar. His words are, 'Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving Collars, is expressed.' (Sub Tit. Esquire; & *vide* in Spelmanni Glossar. Armiger.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Serjeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself. This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq. to whom the public is indebted for that curious work the 'Curialia,' 4to.

'Now God you save, you jolly palmer!'
'Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love.'
'—Oft have I said you nay.'.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.[1]

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's 'Knt. of the Burning Pestle,' Act II. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, 'Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c.' 4to. 1618; Act I. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and 'Gentle Herdsman,' &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

'As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?'

'How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?'

'My love is neither white,[2] nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.'

'Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angelicke face;
Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard
Both in her gait, her grace.'

[1] Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her[1] wenches after.

—[2] *sc.* pale.

[1] *i.e.* their.

'Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.'

'What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take,
That some times loved thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make?'

'I that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past:
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list:
His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
And yieldes a trustlesse joye;
Wonne with a world of toil and care,
And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abusde,
Beneathe which many vaine desires,
And follyes are excusde.

[But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals[1] tend,
That burnes for ever in the soule,
And knowes nor change, nor end.'] ***

[1] *sc.* Angels.

XVII.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Bradock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last beginning with 'There's nae light,' &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first edition in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he had been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The poem is here printed from the original edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, at the end of the ballad.[1])

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadlye fae.

[1] This ballad refers to the battle of Largs, fought between the Scotch and the Norwegians, on 2d October 1263. Fairly Castle, the residence of Hardyknute, stands three miles south of the battle-field. It is a single square tower, by the side of a wild stream, tumbling over a rock into a deep ravine.—ED.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and tow'rs a height,
And goodly chambers fair to se,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
For chast and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot doubt:
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their sister saft and dear,
Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefu' wae her beauty bred!
Waefu' to young and auld,
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,

Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tydings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

VI.

'To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands.'
'Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,'
Our good king rose and cry'd,
A trustier beast in a' the land
A Scots king nevir try'd.

VII.

'Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.'
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
'Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king frae harm.'

VIII.

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He 's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,

That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
'That horn,' quo' they, 'ne'er sounds in peace,
We 've other sport to bide.'
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

X.

'Late, late yestreen I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse do 's proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
It 's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
That mony a comely countenance
They 've turnd to deadly pale.
Brade Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair,
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

XII.

And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine
My blade of mettal clear.
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Farewell my dame sae peerless good,
(And took her by the hand),
Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd.
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers.'

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,
Well plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,

When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
'Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherie's false guiles;
Witless I was that e'er ga faith
To wicked woman's smiles.'

XVI.

'Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you 'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate:
Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,
Her maids a dead of night;
And Fairly fair your heart wou'd chear,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

Arise young knight, and mount your stead,
Full lowns the shynand day:
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead you on the way.'
With smileless look, and visage wan
The wounded knight reply'd,
'Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can e'er be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping tree,
Cauld death shall end my care.'
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain

With fairest words, and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage sey'd:
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rising hight,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norss menzie lay in sicht.
'Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquert Scottish sward
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Make orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude;
Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude.'
Then furth he drew his trusty glave,
While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
And loud the bougles sound.

XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.
'Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of weir,
Thy nations shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side.'

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn;
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
With little skaith to mon,
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots, that sindle brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, 'Mine I 'll keep,
I wat it 's bled a score.'
'Haste up my merry men,' cry'd the king,
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the faught,

But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

'Revenge, revenge,' cry'd Rothsay's heir,
'Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:'
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

'Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!'
Again wi' might he drew
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now, queen Elgreed;
High dames, too, wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII.

'Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk,
His steelly harness shin'd)
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blood it bears;

Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears.'

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, 'Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
And fear'd at Britain's throne:
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail.'

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
It lent him youthfu' micht:
'I'm Hardyknute; this day,' he cry'd,
'To Scotland's king I heght
To lay thee low, as horses hoof;
My word I mean to keep.'
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
He garr'd his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;
'Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to strike:'
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As laigh as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up toward him did prance;
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

'That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd,
Looks like poor Scotlands gear,
But dreadfull seems the rusty point!'
And loud he leugh in jear.
'Oft Britons blood has dimm'd its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:'
Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek;
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrup was nae stay,

Sae feeble hang his unbent knee
Sure taiken he was fey:
Swith on the harden't clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud:
But Thomas look't nae as he lay
All waltering in his blud:

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
On rode he north the plain;
His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
When winner ay the same:
Nor yet his heart dames dimplet cheek
Could mease soft love to bruik,
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luik.

XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Ne're to arise again;
Ne're to return to native land,
Nae mair with blithsome sounds
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas
Befor her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
Thy lord lyes in the clay;

The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
Shall latest ages read.

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan near his stately tower.
His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

XLI.

'There 's nae light in my lady's bower,
There 's nae light in my ha';
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wa',
'What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;'—
Nae answer fitts their dread.
'Stand back, my sons, I 'le be your guide;'
But by they past with speed.

XLII.

'As fast I 've sped owre Scotland's faes,'—
There ceas'd his brag of weir,
Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist nae yet; wi' dread
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And a' the warrior fled.

* * *. * * ** *

*** In an elegant publication, intitled, 'Scottish Tragic Ballads, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo.' may be seen a continuation of the Ballad of 'Hardyknute,' by the addition of a Second Part, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor.—To whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 78.) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of 'Hardyknute' to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, 'To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you 'll find that the tenth part is not legible.' He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears, that Sir John was the author of 'Hardyknute,' but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of the 'Tragic Ballads,' &c. of 'Maitland's Scot. Poets,' vol. I. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, 'Hardyknute, a Fragment. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c. 1719,' folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20. but.—v. 50. of harm.—v. 64. every.—v. 67. lo down.—v. 83. That *omitted*.—v. 89. And *omitted*.—v. 143. With argument but vainly strave Lang.—v. 148. say'd.—v. 155. incampit on the plain.—v. 156. Norse squadrons.—v. 158. regand revers.—v. 170. his strides he bent.—v. 171. minstrals playand Pibrochs fine.—v. 172. stately went.—v. 182. mon.—v. 196. sharp and fatal.—v. 219. which.—

v. 241. stood wyld.—Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38.—v. 305. There.—v. 313. blew westling.—v. 336. had originally been, He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd.

The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M.D. of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions:

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,
  Scarce could they reach their aim;
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
  'Twas all but shot in vain:
Right strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
  Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
  And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,
  Swords clash'd and harness rang;
But saftly sae ilk blaster blew
  The hills and dales fraemang.
Nae echo heard in double dints,
  Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair she blew out brade as she
  Did eir that summers morn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book, we brought down this second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled 'Little John Nobody,' may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of 'Luther and the Pope,' is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, Every Man; the other called Lusty Juventus, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her

superstitions:[1] in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit. This was so much the case, that in the play of Lusty Juventus, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

'The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere:
Be converted, O ye children, &c.'

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition:

'The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.'

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

'The worlde was never meri
Since chyldren were so boulde:
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.'

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is intitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yeard, by Abraham Vele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two Plays the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see the Essay on the Origin of the English Stage; and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's 'Origin of the English Drama,' 3 vols. Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

[1] Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,

'There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
That of God hath commissyon,
As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.
* * * * *
God hath to them more power gyven,
Than to any aungell, that is in heven;
With v. words he may consecrate
Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.
The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
Bothe in erthe and in heven.—
Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;
Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly;
No remedy may we fynde under God,
But alone on preesthode.
—— God gave preest that dignite,
And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
Thus be they above aungels in degre.'

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, Vol. I. p. 61.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Let us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence:
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,[1]
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our Flayles coulde get
To kepe our house, and servauntes;
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the merchauntes:
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe:
But now we Husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and their false caste;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Has usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:

[1] *i.e.* denied us the cup, see below, ver. 94.

Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse;
As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde,
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the[e] from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyste here:
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the[e] under the borde.[1]

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion,
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;
For blamynge me, and my condicion,
The holy decres have the[e] condempned.

[1] *i.e.* Make thee knock under the table.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?[1]
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, or sume,
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to[o] much the scripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure.

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght:

[1] *i.e.* his rule.

And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes blessynge,
Nor regarde his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. 'Green sleeves and pudding pies' (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: 'Maggy Lauder' was another: 'John Anderson my jo' was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The

reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the 'Seven Bairns,' in st. 2d. are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, 'The Book of the Universal Kirk,' p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed 'a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy song, called, 'Welcome Fortunes.'[1]

WOMAN.

John Anderson my jo, cum in as ye gae bye,
And ye sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ye's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ye, Cummer? and how hae ye threven?
And how mony bairns hae ye? Wom. Cummer, I hae seven.
Man. Are they to your awin gude man? Wom. Na, Cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa.'

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and 'Strype's Mem. of Cranmer.' The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is

[1] See also Biograph. Britan. 1st Edit. vol. I. p. 177.

gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had inlisted themselves many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book III. in this Volume.

In December, when the dayes draw to be short,
After November, when the nights wax noysome and long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last [1] talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I [freyned [2]] that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

'John Nobody,' quoth I, 'what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad.'
He said, 'These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;

[1] Perhaps He left talk.—[2] feyned MSS. and P.C.

To discusse divinity they nought adread;
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke,'
'Thou lyest,' quoth I, 'thou losel, like a leud lad.'
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

'Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.

Ver. 23. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are said to be

——'Of Caymes kind.' *Vid.* Sig. C ij. b.

For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,
That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him wreake;
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp, and not care
According to their foolish fantacy; but fast wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought:
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.'

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
Where NO man, [ne[1]] NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did
appear;
Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
That [Aeolus[2]] through the eccho did cause me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb
deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK,[3]

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

Ver. 4, Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the 'Beggar of Bednal Green,' ver. 57, Could say.

[1] then, MSS. and PC.—[2] Hercules, MSS. and PC.—[3] This happened in the reign of Mary, and three years ere Elizabeth was crowned Queen.—ED.

V.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

The original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS. the breaches and defects in which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the conclusion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, 'Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.'

'My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.'

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;[1]
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne:
'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne.'

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight;
'My sonne, when I am gonne,' sayd hee,

[1] *i.e.* earnest-money; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.' At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a 'Gods-penny.'

'Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.'

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
'And come with me,' my friends, 'sayd hee,
'Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.'

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

'Nowe well-aday,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.'

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;

Ver. 63, 4, 5, &c. Sic MS.

Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

'Nowe well-aday,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Now well-aday, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to [the] lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on mee,
I there shold find a trusty friend.'

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to [the] lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
'Here's sorry cheare,' quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
These words were written so plain to see:
'Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end.'

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
'This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee.'

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.[1]

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine to see:

'Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.'

'And let it bee,' sayd the heire of Linne;
'And let it bee, but if I amend:[2]
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade[3] shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere[4] then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Ver. 60, an old northern phrase.

[1] in-fere, *i.e.* together.—[2] *i.e.* unless I amend.—[3] *i.e.* advice, counsel.—[4] Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was speered, *i.e.* sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase, (fo. 38.) 'The dore thereof oft tymes opened and speared agayne.'

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend to mee.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christ's curse on my head,' he sayd,
'If ever I trust thee one pennìe.'

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
'Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitìe.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.'

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, 'Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.'

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he sayd,
'But I did lose by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.'

'I drawe you to record, lords,' he said,
With that he cast him a gods pennie:
'Now by my fay,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'And here, good John, is thy monèy.'

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And nowe Ime againe the lord of Linne.'

Sayes, 'Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the[e] keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.'

Ver. 34. 102, cast, is the reading of the MS.

'Now welladay!' sayth Joan o' the Scales:
'Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Now fare thee well,' sayd the heire of Linne;
'Farewell now, John o' the Scales,' said hee:
'Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy.' ***

†‡† In the present edition of this ballad several ancient readings are restored from the folio MS.

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called 'The Steele-glass,' 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled 'Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton.' Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from 'his poore house in Walthamsloe:' where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, 'A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of Geo. Gascoigne, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world,' 4to. no date—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks 'Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification.'[1] But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their

[1] Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 168.

successors. In the 'Paradise of Dainty Devises,'[1] (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times) will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line:[2] whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw. Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, 'A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:' without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, 'The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq; corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author; 1575.—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c.' No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's,[3] or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, Occulta veritas tempore patet [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery,[4] and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

In court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree;

[1] Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-let.—[2] The same is true of most of the poems in the 'Mirrour of Magistrates,' 1563, 4to, and also of Surrey's Poems, 1557.—[3] Henrie Binneman.—[4] Le Tems decouvre la Verité.

No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature first
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well:
'Lo here,' quod she, 'a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.'

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne;
And some unseen wer present there,
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,

Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede:
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

'Wel yet,' quod she, 'this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe:'
And quick with skin she coverd it,
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

Ver. 62, In cradel of hir kind: *i.e.* in the cradle of her family. See Warton's Observations, vol. II. p. 137.

The skar still there remains; 65
No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne, as she.

*** The Lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol. II. p. 133, ed. 1779.

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden, the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. 'Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;[1] but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

In English thus:

The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
That by her life was sweete and redolent:
But now that she is from this life blent,
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.
A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.
Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as 'the common report of the people, that

[1] Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton See note on his Epistle of Rosamond

the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after.' Vol. III. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out 'by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till she had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after.' 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit,[1] among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a cup. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, (perhaps only the Chalice) might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that 'the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the cup, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone.'

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow: 'Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, ... and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then, quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men.' Annals, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, 'that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund there interred.'[2] . . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, 'Rosamundes tumbe at God-

[1] Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. Hist. vol. III. p. 739.—[2] *Vid.* Reign of Henry II. in Speed's Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.

stowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, Tumba Rosamundæ. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.'[1] See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundation of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espé; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, bishop of Lincolne.[2] Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady 'broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173.' [Carte's Hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geofferey Plantagenet, 'Natus est 5° Hen. II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25° Hen. II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28° Hen. II. [1182.].' *Vid.* Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The following ballad is printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

[The Ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in 'Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen: &c. By Thomas Delone. Lond. 1612.' 4to. Add. Note, Ed. 1794].

When as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

[1] This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.—[2] Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,

The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

'My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle:
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.'

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace:

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

'Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?'
The king did often say.
'Because,' quoth shee, 'to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death;
Nay, death Ild rather chuse!'

'Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;
[Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.]

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake;
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart he grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calles this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

'Cast off from thee those robes,' she said,
'That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.'

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

'Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,'
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
'And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.'

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

*

VIII.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

'Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had dis-

gusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's appearel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John.' See Hume's Hist. 4to. Vol. I. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, with same corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a sicke womàn,
And afraid that she should dye:
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
'Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee.'

'A boone, a boone;' quoth earl marshàll,
And fell on his bended knee;
'That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.'

'Ile pawne my landes,' the king then cryd,
'My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.'

Thus both attired then they goe:
  When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
  And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
  They fell on their bended knee;
'A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
  That you sent so hastilee.'

'Are you two fryars of France,' she sayd,
  'As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
  You shall hang on the gallowes tree.'

'We are two fryars of France,' they sayd,
  'As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse
  Sith we came from the sea.'

'The first vile thing that ever I did
  I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
  Beneath this cloth of golde.'

'Thats a vile sinne,' then sayd the king;
  'May God forgive it thee!'
'Amen, amen,' quoth earl marshall;
  With a heavye heart spake hee.

'The next vile thing that ever I did,
  To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
  To poison king Henrye.'

'Thats a vile sinne,' then sayd the king,
'May God forgive it thee!'
'Amen, amen,' quoth earl marshall;
'And I wish it so may bee.'

'The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.'

'Thats a vile sinne,' then sayd the king;
'May God forgive it thee!'
'Amen, amen,' quoth earl marshall;
'And I wish it so may bee.'

'Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?
That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngest sonne,
And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;
His nose is like a boare.'
'No matter for that,' king Henrye cryd,
'I love him the better therfore.'

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
And appeared all in redde:

Ver. 63, 67, She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshall, the youngest by the king.

She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee,
'Earl marshall,' he sayd, 'but for my oathe,
Or hanged thou shouldst bee.'

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall][1] is preserved in 'The Paradise of Daintie Devises,' quoted above in page 113.—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in 'An howres recreation in musicke, &c. by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606, 4to:' usually bound up with three or four sets of 'Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to.' One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

The sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

[1] *Vid.* Athen. Oxon. p. 152, 316.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea, man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.[1]

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the 'Queenes armes;' but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on 'Mary Ambree' in this volume. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old Beggar, that 'down his neck

[1] We need hardly remind our readers of Sheridan Knowles' play of the same title.—Ed.

——— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave.'

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought Aug. 4, 1265,) when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
'Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.'
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
She shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she said 'noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.'
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

'And, if thou wilt marry with mee,' quoth the knight,
'Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
My hart 's so inthralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.'

The gentleman sayd, 'Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.'

'Let me bee thy husband,' the merchant cold say,
'Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.'

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
'My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.'

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
'This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?'

'My father,' shee said, 'is soone to be seene:
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.'

'Nay then,' quoth the merchant, 'thou art not for mee:'
'Nor,' quoth the innholder, 'my wiffe thou shalt bee;'
'I lothe,' sayd the gentle, 'a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!'

'Why then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.'
'Nay soft,' quoth his kinsmen, 'it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.'

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, 'Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.'
With that they replyed, 'Contented bee wee.'
'Then here 's,' quoth the beggar, 'for pretty Bessee.'

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand[1] pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne;

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, 'Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.'
'Then marry,' quoth he, 'my girle to this knight;
And heere,' added hee, 'I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

[1] In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500*l.*

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt[1] shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse therof you did see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee,

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee,

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,

[1] See an Essay on the word Fit at the end of the Second Part.

With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, 'Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.'
'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness,' quoth they,
'Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye.'

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, 'Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile singe you a song of pretty Bessee.'

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;

And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelìe.

'A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,[1]
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree:
Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee.'

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound;
Att last said the lords, 'Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
'O pardon my father,' grave nobles, 'quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.'

'If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree:

[1] So the folio MS.

And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.'

'Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight!
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee.'

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.'

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee. ***

†‡† The word 'fit,' for 'part,' often occurs in our ancient ballads, and metrical romances: which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his 'Art of English Poesie,' 1589, says, 'the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several fits, or times to be sung.' p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, 'glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne Minstrels, that give a *fit* of mirth for a groat, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte.' p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, 'We ourselves, says this courtly[1] writer, have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [*i.e.* fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like.' p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

'When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
And sitt and solace lythe;[2]
Then itt is time for mee to speake
Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
Such carping for to kythe.'

[1] He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. *Vid.* Ath. Ox.—[2] Perhaps 'blythe.'

If we consider that a *groat* in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal Green, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding Ballad, v. 37, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming *a groat* for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth. Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine *fits*, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word *fit;* it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts, (answering to *Passus* in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase, (Vol. I. p. 6,) the first Part ends with this line,

'The first fit here I fynde:'

i.e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also Vol. I. p. 20.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See Vol. I. pp. 124, 131.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer; who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

'Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde.'

The word fit indeed appears originally to have signified a Poetic Strain, Verse, or Poem; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, Ðaſe piſdom tha thaſ fitte aſunȝen hæfde, p. 65, *i.e.* 'When wisdom had sung these [Fitts] verses.' And in the Proem to the same book Fon on fitte, 'Put into [fitt] verse.' So in Cedmon, p 45. Feond on fitte, seems to mean 'composed a song,' or 'poem.' The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

Spencer has used the word fit to denote 'a strain of music:' see his poem, intitled, 'Collin Clout 's come home again,' where he says,

'The Shepherd of the ocean [Sir Walt. Raleigh]
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit.
And when he heard the music which I made
He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it,' &c.

It is also used in the old Ballad of K. Estmere, Vol. I. p. 58, v. 243.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing; thus in the old play of Lusty Juventus (described in p. 93.), Juventus says,

'By the masse I would fayne go daunce a Fitte.'

And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied

by Bale to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm (for thus he intitles two Chapters of his English Votaryes, pt. 2d. viz.——fol. 49, 'The fyrst Fytt of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus.'——fol. 50, 'An other Fytt of Anselme with kynge Wyllyam Rufus.'

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its 'excellencie and wit,' in Puttenham's 'Arte of Eng. Poesie,'[1] and found entire in the 'Garland of Good-will.' A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the 'Paradise of Daintie Devises.' One of these is intitled, 'The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie.' The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man [beare]
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536; 'Queen Anne [Bullen] ware yellowe for the mourning.' And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, 'on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte.' Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's 'Noble Authors.' Athen. Oxon. &c.[2]

'Come hither shepherd's swayne:'
'Sir, what do you require?'
'I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.'
'My name is Fond Desire.'

'When wert thou borne, Desire?' 5
'In pompe and pryme of May.'
'By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?'
'By fond Conceit men say.'

[1] Lond. 1589, p. 172.—[2] He sate Great Chamberlain of England on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and distinguished himself at the time of the Armada, by fitting out ships at his private cost.—Ed.

'Tell me, who was thy nurse?'
'Fresh Youth in sugred joy.'
'What was thy meate and dayly foode?'
'Sad sighes and great annoy.'

'What hadst thou then to drinke?'
'Unsavoury lovers teares.'
'What cradle wert thou rocked in?'
'In hope devoyde of feares.'

'What lulld thee then asleepe?'
'Sweete speech, which likes me best.'
'Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?'
'In gentle hartes I rest.'

'What thing doth please thee most?'
'To gaze on beautye stille.'
'Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?'
'Disdayn of my good wille.'

'Doth companye displease?'
'Yes, surelye, many one,'
'Where doth Desire delighte to live?'
'He loves to live alone.'

'Doth either tyme or age
Bringe him unto decaye?'
'No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
Ten thousand times a daye.'

'Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou art no mate for mee;
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
With such a one as thee.'

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 4to. p. 22.

'The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey[1] and his family at this time [A.D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas[2] and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the Bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames [Aug. 2, 1511.]

This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: tho' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves. This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

[1] Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.—[2] Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time. He was father of the poetical E. of Surrey.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before 'but two ships of war.' Now the *Great Harry* had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which 'was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants.' *Hume.*

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection) as also by conjecture.

THE FIRST PART.

[When Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the monthe of Maye;][1]
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

'O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee.'
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they could not bee:
'To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware.'

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,

Ver. 15, 83, robber, MS.

[1] From the pr. copy.

'I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright.'
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
And thus they did their answer frame,
'He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.'

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee:
'Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?'
'Yea, that dare I;' lord Howard sayes;
'Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.'

'Thou art but yong;' the kyng replyed:
'Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.'
'Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare.'
'Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten:
Good Peter Simon was his name.
'Peter,' sais hee, 'I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

Ver. 29, lord Charles Howard, MS.

'If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread.'[1]
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame.[2]
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.[3]

'Horseley,' sayd he, 'I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee.
'If you,' quoth hee, 'have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
On your maine-màst Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.'

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the [voyage], he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

'Thou must tell me,' lord Howard said,
'Now who thou art, and what 's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.'

Ver. 70, Journey, MS.

[1] An old Eng. word for Breadth.—[2] Pr. copy.—[3] Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. *Vid.* p. 5.

'My name is Henry Hunt,' quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
'I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.'

'Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knight?'
Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
'But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hach-borde he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.'

'That shall not need,' lord Howard sais;
'Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three.'
'Nowe God forefend,' the merchant said,
'That thou shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;

Ver. 91, The MS. has here Archborde, but in Pt. II. ver. 5. Hachebord.

And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.'[1]
'This is cold comfort,' sais my lord,
'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.'

'Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee:
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,

[1] It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the masts, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, Lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Schefferi de Militiâ Navali, Lib. 2, cap, 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to. *N.B.* It every where in the MS. seems to be written 'Beanes.'

On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.'

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.
His hachebord it was [gilt] with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
'Nowe by my faith,' lord Howarde sais,
'This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.'
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;[1]
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
'What English churles are yonder,' he sayd,
'That can soe litle curtesye?

Now, by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.'

Ver. 5, 'hached with gold,' MS.
[1] *i.e.* did not salute.

Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
'Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

With that the pinnace itt shott off,
Full well lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
'Come hither, Simon,' sayes my lord,
'Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.'

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott;
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
'Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell.'
When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine:
'Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.'

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrewe sais,
'Weale howsoever this geere will sway;

Ver. 35, *i.e.* discharged chain-shot.

Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare:
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
'Nowe, out alas!' Sir Andrewe cryed,
'What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast readye att my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.'
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
'Horseley, see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.'

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

Ver. 67, 84, pounds, MS.—Ver. 75, bearinge, *sc.* that carries well, &c. But see Gloss. vol. I.

'Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sisters sonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.'
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arrôwe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, 'Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is slaine!'
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
'Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brothèr, could cope with thee.'

'Come hither Horseley,' sayes my lord,
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.'
'Ile shoot my best,' quoth Horseley then,
'Your honour shall see, with might and maine;

But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.'

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

'Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.
Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes,
'And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
Untill you heare my whistle blowe.'

They never heard his whistle blow,——
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, 'Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.'
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
'I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'

He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundrèd crownes:
'Wherever thou land this will bury thee.'

Thus from the warres lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphìng
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
'Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
As never did subject to a king,

Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one.'
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
'And where,' said he, 'is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?'

'The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne.'

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
'In lieu of what was from thee tane,

A noble a day now thou shalt have,
  Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And, Horseley, thou shalt be a knight,
  And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be erle Surrye hight,
  As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
  I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
  For the good service they have done.'
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
  To see Sir Andrewe Barton, knight:
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
  And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
  And eyes soe hollow in his head,
'I wold give,' quoth the king, 'a thousand markes,
  This man were alive as he is dead:
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
  Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
  Till they come to my brother kings high land.'

* *
*

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should

Ver. 175, 6, . . . Erle of Nottingham, And soe was never, &c. MS.

be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself, which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's 'Miscellany.'[1]

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes[2] to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

[1] She was daughter of a Bishop of Orkney, who also had the title of Lord Holyroodhouse. Her lover was Sir Alex. Erskine, third son of John Earl of Marr. He is said to have perished at Dunglass Castle, Aug. 1640, and the lady died broken-hearted.—Ed.—[2] When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warned by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant elogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV. Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his twenty-first year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Rizzio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Queen dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wroth,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Ver. 15, sic MS.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

'Who have wee here?' lord Bodwell sayd.
'Now answer me, that I may know.'
'King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete sake some pitty show.'

'Who have we here?' lord Bodwell sayd,
'Now answer me when I doe speake.'
'Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take.'

'Ile pitty thee as much,' he sayd,
'And as much favor show to thee,
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die.'[1]

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard
How that the worthye king was slaine;
He persued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath taine;
And through the queene of Englands grace,
In England now shee doth remaine.

[1] Pronounced after the northern manner dee.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie:' a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.

'I find,' says this antiquated critic, 'none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [*Exargasia*, or the Gorgeous, Lat *Expolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a ladies penne, herselfe beying the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes.[1] And this was the occasion: our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life: The queene our soveraigne ladie to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the daunger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterward fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in fauour of the said Sc. Q. declining from her Maiestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the Realme by many euill and vndutiful practizes.' (p. 207.)

This sonnet was probably written in 1584, not long before Hen. Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland was imprisoned on suspicion of plotting with F. Throckmorton, Tho. Lord Paget, and the Guises, for invading England, and liberating the Q. of Scots, &c. (See Collins's Peerage, 1779, II. 405.) The original is written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here, on account of the narrowness of the page, subdivided into two; but her majesty's orthography, or at least that of her copyist, is exactly followed.

In the first edition of Harrington's 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' 1st Vol. 1769, 12mo. p. 58, is a copy of this poem, with great variations, the best of which are noted below. It is there accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be 'of her Highness own enditing . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing.' ***

[1] She was at that time near three-score.

THE doubt of future foes,
Exiles my present ioy,
And wit me warnes to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
And subiect faith doth ebbe,
Which would not be, if reason rul'd
Or wisdome weu'd the webbe.

But clowdes of tois vntried,
Do cloake aspiring mindes,
Which turne to raine of late repent,
By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed,
The roote of ruthe wil be,
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shal be vnseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,[1]
That eke discord doth sowe,
Shal reap no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port,

Ver. 1, dread. Harrington's Ed.—Ver. 6, subjects. Har.—Ver. 7, should. Har.—Ver. 8, wove. Har.—Ver, 9, joys. Har.—Ver. 11, raigne. Puttenham. —Ver. 22, That discorde aye. Har.—Ver. 23, formor. Put.

[1] Scil. the Queen of Scots.

Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest,
Shall first his edge employ,
To polle their toppes, that seeke such change,
And gape for [such like] ioy.

†‡† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.) 'which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune.'

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is intitled, 'A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of *Milfield*, or els to *Green-sleeves*.' At the end is subjoined the name of the author 'W. Elderton.' 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter, folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs' courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads;

Ver. 27, realme brookes no seditious Sects. Har.—Ver. 32, such like is supplied from Harrington's Ed. in which are other variations, that seem mere mistakes of the transcriber, or printer.

and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. [Drayton, by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

[Out alas!] what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas! for woe, why should it be so!
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho!

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas! for woe, &c.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouslie;
Now help, or els the king shall die!
Alas! for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie;
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of the window he got at last.
Alas! for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne awa,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas! for woe, &c.

'Bishop,' quoth Browne, 'what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheere.'
'Is it so?' sayd Browne, 'that will I see,
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so;'
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho!

The bishop sayde, 'Browne, I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on, take thou no care.'
'No, no,' quoth Browne, 'I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie:
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowfull,' &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery.
'This was a posset indeed,' quoth Brown!
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please,
Alas! for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse
To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him so:
Alas! for woe, &c.

'Alas!' he said, 'unhappie realme,
My father, and grandfather slaine:
My mother banished, O extreame!
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas! for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant geere;
And gave him [lands and] livings great,
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

Ver. 67, His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.

When all this treason done and past,
Tooke not effect of traytery;
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majestie:
How they might make their kinge away,
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas! for woe, &c.

[Another time] to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe!

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
'Take heede you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing:
For his godmother[1] will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make,' &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:
That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be,
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho!

[1] Q. Elizabeth.

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the 'Bonny Earl,' for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring, said, 'You hae spilt a better face than your awin.' Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, 'You shall be as deep as I;' and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Auth. vol. I. p. 42.[1]

Ye highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

[1] Bothwell in 'Old Mortality,' is described as springing from Francis Stewart.—ED.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a.'

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe,[1]
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throw the towne.

XVIII.

YOUNG WATERS.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the 'Bonny Earl of Murray;' and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates Library at Edinburgh.

'The seventh of Febry, this yeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shire, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this

[1] Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene more rashely than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the young Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther.'[1]

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

About Yule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
And siller shod behind,
The horse yong Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
'O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company.'

[1] This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

'I 've sene lord, and I 've sene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than young Watèrs
Mine eyne did never see.'

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
'O, if he had been twice as fair,
You micht have excepted me.'

'You 're neither laird nor lord,' she says,
'Bot the king that wears the crown;
Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down.'

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which she had said
Young Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

'Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.'

They hae taen to the heiding-hill[1]
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill,
His lady fair to see:
And for the words the Queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did dee.

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English 'Gaunt,') Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his 'Epicæne,' first acted in 1609, Act 4, Sc. 2. His 'Tale of a Tub,' Act 1. Sc. 4. And his masque intitled 'The Fortunate Isles,' 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

'——Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight,' &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Act 5, sub finem.
—— 'My large gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-fellow.'——
It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P. 1, c. 3, v. 365.), by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.

'A bold virago stout and tall
As *Joan* of France, or English *Mall*.

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, im-

[1] Heiding-hill; *i.e.* heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

proved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is, 'The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c.'

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major[1] was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male[2] then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;

[1] So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.—[2] A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as 'armed in a long Shirt of Mayl.' (View of the State of Ireland.)

Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee:'
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
'Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.'

Shee cheered her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:'
Was not this a brave bonny lasse Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down the walles they all did decree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

'Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.'
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

'Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?'
'A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.'

'No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.'

'But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.'

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
'Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke,' quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

Peregrine Bertie, lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

'My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the *Reptilia;* intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.' (Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations,) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the Dedicat. to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee:
The other captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and callìver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formost man in fight,'
Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,

And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail;
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours to all mens view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
'Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.'

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky,
'God, and St. George for England!'
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
'O! this is brave lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.'

To the souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen alloyed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

XXI.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from 'Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London printed 1653,' 4to.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd;
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

XXII.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried, sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:

'A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.'

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood,
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their head,
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle.
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town;
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'courage my soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And bè well rewarded all from the great to the small;
But looke that the women and children you save.'
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;
Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchas'd renowne.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;
In some places wè did find pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire rosting, and folkes run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre;
Whìch soldiers mèasur'd out by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities eche had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand:

There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And would not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

XXIII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret daughter of Charles, Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.[1]

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.

[1] There are several other candidates for the honour of being the hero of this ballad, such as Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, &c.; but John Bolle of Thorpe-hall, Lincolnshire, who was presented by the Spanish lady with a golden chain, still preserved in the family, and whose house was said to have been haunted afterwards by her ghost, was probably the person.—Ed.

Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, 'Full woe is me;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse:
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.'

'How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow.'
'All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light!

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;

If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.'

'Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store.'
'Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.'

'It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.'
'I 'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

'I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place.'
'My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
And eke five hundred[1] pounds in gold that lies unknown.'

[1] So the MS. 10,000*l*. PC.

'On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.'
'Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.'

'Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.'

'O! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companye:

Ver. 65, Well in worth, MS.

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!'
'The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie.'

XXIV.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

— Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII. Books, intitled, 'Albion's England, by William Warner:' 'An author (says a former editor,) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan]. A tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style: and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with.' [*Muses Library*, 1738. 8vo.] To his merit nothing can be objected unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,[1] to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained by the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] 'Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an Atturnye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, diynge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March; was buried the satturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader.' Signed Tho. Hassal Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age.[2] But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphosis he seems to

[1] Athen. Oxon.—[2] Ibid.

have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

'With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.'

The edition of 'Albion's England' here followed was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been 'first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author.' The story of 'Argentile and Curan' is, I believe, the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, 'The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by William Webster, London 1617,' in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, 'of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain,' which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 1727, 3 vols, 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

The Brutons [being] departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes;
'By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nourish, as thine owne,
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne.'

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatòr he dies;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he [fosters for] a time
The damsell, that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love;
But none might her obtaine;
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
His saint was kept in mewe;

Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speak,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was,
She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive;
At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.[1]

[1] The construction is, 'How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;' *i.e.* escaped from him, being off his guard.

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleased so to live,
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting love, by worke, and want,
Grew almost to the waine:
But then began a second love,
The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
Was all the shepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde:
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw
He piped melody.

Ver. 112, *i.e.* holy-day russets.

But when he spyed her his saint,
He wip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the shepheard wooes.

'I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chawe,
And bread and wildings souling well,'
(And therewithall did drawe

His lardrie) 'and in [yeaning] see
Yon crumpling ewe,' quoth he,
'Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
If I might tup with thee.

Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
Too elvish and too coy:
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
That such a flocke enjoy?

I wis I am not: yet that thou
Doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
To all that keepe this plaine.

There be as quaint (at least that thinke
Themselves as quaint) that crave
The match, that thou, I wot not why,
Maist, but mislik'st to have.

How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,
Thou art a female) I,
Her know not here that willingly
With maiden-head would die.

Ver. 135, Eating, PCC.—Ver. 153, Her know I not her that. 1602.

The plowmans labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prove:
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Then fitteth unto love:

The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will play the wanton; and
An old man prove a mome.

Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold;

And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,
Or sings some merry ryme.

Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed be got:

Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow-cares:
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares;

Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credit lost:

Ver. 169, *i.e.* roasts a crab, or apple.—Ver. 171, to tell, whilst round the bole doth trot. Ed. 1597.

Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
More quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I:
Content is worth a monarchie,
And mischiefs hit the hie;

As late it did a king and his
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
For fair a matchless wench.'——
Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
'She bore,' quoth he, 'the bell

For beautie: though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is;
Or did I not, at seeing thee,
I senceles were to mis.
* * * * * *

Her stature comely, tall; her gate
Well graced; and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with,
As matchless I omit.

A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth, and hie,
An even nose; on either side
Did shine a grayish eie:

Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White just-set teeth, within;
A mouth in meane; and underneathe
A round and dimpled chin.

Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
Stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders: beating balles
Her veined breasts, anon

Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
Her middle falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: * * *
—Imagine nothing ill.

And more, her long, and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists.

A legge in print, a pretie foot;
Conjecture of the rest:
For amorous eies, observing forme,
Think parts obscured best.

With these, O raretie! with these
Her tong of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
The balle from Ide to bear.

With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
Herselfe contends in face;
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull unto all:
Even such as neither wanton seeme,
Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

A quiet minde, a patient moode,
And not disdaining any;
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and
Sweete faculties had many.

A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
Might praise, might wish, might see;
For life, for love, for formé; more good,
More worth, more faire than shee.

Yea such an one, as such was none,
Save only she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much.'

'I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,'
The neatresse said: 'and muse I do,
A shepheard thus should blaze
The [coate] of beautie[1]. Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
But wherefore dost thou weepe?'

[1] *i.e.* emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597. 1602. 1612. read Coote.

The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

'In troth,' quoth he, 'I am not such,
As seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse.

Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loved her, that hated love,
But now I die for thee.

At Kirkland is my fathers court,
And Curan is my name,
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
Till love countrould the same:

But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe?'
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

'I graunt,' quoth she, 'it was too much
That you did love so much:
But whom your former could not move,
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,
In passion not in person chang'd,
And I, my lord, am she.'

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight;
His force could none withstand:
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria,[1] and he wonne
Bernicia[1] too in sight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

[1] During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

XXV.

CORIN'S FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate:
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
Yet to speke will move disdaine:
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

* *
*

XXVI.

JANE SHORE.

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtezan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

'Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of two or three thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.

'This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone; her husbande an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her:[1] which in the

[1] After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's Fædera is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Oct. 22, 1483,

kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

'Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that *now see her* (*for yet she liveth*) deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

'Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it were to his bed. The other two wer somwhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

'I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteme her only by that thei now see her. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is now in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be much lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us

wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking 'Thomas late marquis of Dorset,' who, 'not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and *lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore*.' Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. *Vide* Rym. Fæd. tom. xij. pag. 204.

a good tourne, we write it in duste.[1] Which is not worst proved by her; for *at this daye* shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene.' See More's workes, folio, bl. let. 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: 'Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, *commanded that no man should relieve her*, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.' See 'England's Heroical Epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq;' Lond. 1637, 12mo.

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

[The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of K. Richard III. which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. Num. 433, Art. 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russel bp of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.

By the KING.

'Right Reverend Father in God, &c. signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth, to our full great marvel, to effect the same. We, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, commit-

[1] These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection in Hen. viij. Act 4, Sc. II.

'Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water.'

Shakesp. in his play of Rich. III. follows More's Hist. of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

ting her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c. 'RIC. Rex.'

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that K. Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (Art. 134.), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedf. to him and his Heirs Male (Art. 596.) Add. Note, Ed. 1794].

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, 'The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of *Live with me*, &c.' [See the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

'Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.'

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did say, 'It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.'

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lordes and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myselfe therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;[1]
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

This simple little elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in 'The golden garland of princely delights.'

The burthen of the song, 'Ding Dong,' &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn

[1] But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly *shore*) or drain. See Stow.

and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest:

> 'Full fadom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes;
> Nothing of him, that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange:
> Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
> Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell.
> Burthen, Ding dong.'

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I 've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I 'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths, that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will;[1]
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowe:[2]
With her to grave shall go.
Ding, &c.

I 'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I 'll keepe them fresh and green.
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,[3]
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.
Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
'Here lies the loveliest maiden,
That e'er gave shepheard care.'
Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede;

[1] It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.—[2] See above, preface to No. XI. Book II.—[3] This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

I shall begin this Third Book with an old allegoric Satire: a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of 'Pierce Plowman's Visions,' was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius,[1] that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples.[2]

*M*eire og *M*inne
*M*ogu heimdaller.'

'*G*ab *G*inunga
Enn *G*ras huerge.'

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other

[1] Literatura Runica. Hasniæ 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. *Vid.* Hickefii Præfat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon, & Moeso-Goth. 4to, 1689.—[2] *Vid.* Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. I. p. 217.

nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-Saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters:[1]

'*Sk*eop tha and *Sk*yrede
*Sk*yppend ure.'

'*H*am and *H*eahsetl
*H*eofena rikes.'

I know not, however, that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

'In a *S*omer *S*eason, | when hot[2] was the *S*unne,
I *Sh*ope me into *Sh*roubs, | as I a *Sh*epe were;
In *H*abite as an *H*armet | un*H*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *W*yde in thys world | *W*onders to heare,' &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these Visions of Pierce [*i. e.* Peter] the Plowman, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *Passus* or Breaks,[3] exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has, with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Clye rentes in Holburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.[4] The other is said to be newlye imprynted after the authors olde copy . . . by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this

[1] *Vid.* Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. I. p. 217.—[2] So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'soft,' as in MS. or 'set,' as in PCC.—[3] The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. III. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*.—[4] That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye; the other thus, nowe the seconde time imprinted by Robert Crowley. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

aliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled *Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*. It begins thus:

'*C*ros, and *C*urteis *C*hrist, this beginning spede
For the *F*aders *F*rendshipe, that *F*ourmed heaven,
And through the *S*pecial *S*pirit, that *S*prong of hem tweyne,
And al in one godhed endles dwelleth.'

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce, a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wicliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.[1] Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems,[2] two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is intitled *The sege of I˜erlam*, [*i. e.* Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

'In *T*yberius *T*yme . the *T*rewe emperour
*S*yr *S*esar hymself . be*S*ted in Rome
Whyll *P*ylat was *P*rovoste . under that *P*rynce ryche
And *J*ewes *J*ustice also . of *J*udeas londe
*H*erode under empere . as *H*erytage wolde
*K*yng,' &c.

The other is intitled *Chevalere Assigne* [or De Cigne], that is, 'The Knight of the Swan,' being an ancient Romance, beginning thus:

All-*W*eldynge God . *W*hene it is his *W*ylle
*W*ele he *W*ereth his *W*erke . *W*ith his owene honde
For ofte *H*armes were *H*ente . that *H*elpe we ne myzte
Nere the *H*yznes of *H*ym . that lengeth in Hevene
For this,' &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays[3] is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, 'newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssaunt and illustryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame.' This lord, it seems, had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this 'highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyrynge cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved six sonnes and a

[1] Signature. C ii.—[2] Caligula A. ij. fol. 109, 123.—[3] K. vol. X.

daughter, and chylded of them at one only time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne, *of whome linially is dyscended my sayde lorde.* The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde[1] to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tongue after the capacitè and rudenesse of my weke entendement.'——A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under Leo X. the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous knight of the swan.[2]

To return to the Metre of Pierce Plowman: In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intitled *Death and Life*, (in two fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for ought that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

'*Chr*ist *Chr*isten king,
that on the *Cr*osse tholed;
Hadd *Pa*ines and *Pa*ssyons
to defend our soules;
Give us *Gr*ace on the *Gr*ound
the *Gr*eatlye to serve,
For that *R*oyal *R*ed blood
that *R*ann from thy side.'

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between 'our lady Dame *Life*,' and the 'ugly fiend Dame *Death*;' who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is,

'Shee was *B*righter of her *B*lee,
then was the *B*right sonn:
Her *R*udd *R*edder then the *R*ose,
that on the *R*ise hangeth:
*M*eekely smiling with her *M*outh,
And *M*erry in her lookes;
Ever *L*aughing for *L*ove,
as shee *L*ike would.
And as shee came by the *B*ankes,
the *B*oughes eche one
They *L*owted to that *L*adye,
and *L*ayd forth their branches;
*B*lossomes, and *B*urgens
*B*reathed full sweete;

---

[1] W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G's copy is '¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland.—[2] He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Hen. VIII.

*F*lowers *F*lourished in the *F*rith,
where shee *F*orth stepped;
And the *G*rasse, that was *G*ray,
*G*reened belive.'

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that which is quoted in the 22d page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 22, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus:

*G*rant *G*racious God,
*G*rant me this time, &c.

It is intitled *Scottish Feilde* (in two fitts, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural:

Then we *T*ild downe our *T*ents,
that *T*old were a thousand.'

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

'He was a *G*entleman by *J*esu,
that this *G*est[1] made:
Which *S*ay but as he *S*ayd
for *S*ooth and noe other.
At *B*agily that *B*earne
his *B*iding place had;
And his ancestors of old time
have yearded[3] theire longe,
Before William *C*onquerour
this *C*untry did inhabitt.
Jesus *B*ring 'them'[4] to *B*lisse,
that *B*rought us forth of bale,
That hath *H*earkned me *H*eare
or *H*eard my tale.'

The village of Bagily, or Baguleigh, is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of Pierce Plowman.[5]

[1] Jest. MS.—[2] Probably corrupted for—'*S*ays but as he *S*aw.'—[3] Yearded, *i.e.* buried, earthed, earded. It is common to pronounce 'Earth,' in some parts of England 'Yearth,' particularly in the North. Pitscottie speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, 'Nae man wot whar they *yearded* him.'—[4] 'us.' MS. In the 2d line above, the MS. has 'bidding.'—[5] And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of *Scottish Field*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of *Little John Nobody* exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal imbellishment of Alliteration, was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse,[1] now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of *Conscience*, and in that well-known doggrel,

'A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall.'

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand Heroic Verse of twelve syllables[2] is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: but with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state,[3] as a greater degree of severity and

[1] Consisting of four Anapests (∪ ∪ -) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, p. 113, &c) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich), only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen:

'The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,
Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and suthe but vive:
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto.'

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independant states of Italy.—[2] Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of Blank Verse in his Versions of the second and fourth Books of the Æneid, 1557, 4to.—[3] Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though regularly it consists of 4 Anapests (∪ ∪ -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior, and from the following Song of *Conscience*:

Whŏ hăs eĕr beĕn ăt Pārĭs, mŭst nēeds knŏw thĕ Grēve,
Thĕ fātăl rĕtrēat ŏf th' ŭnfŏrtūnāte brāve.
Hĕ stēpt tŏ hĭm strāight, ănd dīd hĭm rĕquīre.

strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible; and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistics. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistics to two distinct and independant verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistics rhyme to each other.[1]

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of *Life and Death;* in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

Lĕ sŭccēs fŭt toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l'ăudāce;
All shăll drȳe wĭth thĕ dĭnts | thăt I dēal wĭth mȳ hānds.

L'hŏmmĕ prūdĕnt vŏit trōp | l'illūsĭŏn lĕ sūit,
Yōndĕr dāmsĕl ĭs dēath | thăt drēssĕth hĕr tŏ smīte.

L'ĕntrĕpīdĕ vŏit māeux | ĕt lĕ fāntōme fŭit.[2]
Whĕn shĕ dōlefŭllȳ sāw | hŏw shĕ dāng dōwne hĭr fōlke.

Mĕme aŭx yeūx dĕ l'ĭnjūste | ŭn ĭnjūste ĕst hŏrrĭblĕ.[3]
Thĕn shĕ cāst ŭp ă crȳe | tŏ thĕ hĭgh kĭng ŏf hēavĕn.

Dŭ mĕnsōngĕ toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dmēurĕ māitrĕ,
Thŏu shălt bĭttĕrlyĕ bȳe | ŏr ĕlse thĕ bōokĕ fāilĕth.

Poŭr părōitre hōnnĕte hōmme | ōn ŭn mĕt. Il făut l' ētre.[4]
Thŭs I fāred thrōughe ă frȳthe | whĕre thĕ flōwĕrs wĕre mānȳe.

To conclude: the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the

[1] See Instances in L'Hist. de la Poesie Françoise par Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses.—[2] Catalina, A. 3.—[3] Boileau Sat.—[4] Boil. Sat. 11.

merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old Alliterative Metre.

The first is in MS.[1] which begins thus:

*C*rist *C*rowned *K*yng, that on *C*ros didest,[2]
And art *C*omfort of all *C*are, thow[3] kind go out of *C*ours,
With thi *H*alwes in *H*even *H*eried mote thu be,
And thy *W*orshipful *W*erkes *W*orshiped evre,
That suche *S*ondry *S*ignes *S*hewest unto man,
In *D*remyng, in *D*recchyng,[4] and in *D*erke swevenes.

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a Dream that happened to himself: which he introduces with the following circumstances:

*O*nes y me *O*rdayned, as y have *O*fte doon,
With *F*rendes, and *F*elawes, *F*rendemen, and other;
And *C*aught me in a *C*ompany on *C*orpus *C*hristi even,
*S*ix, other[5] *S*even myle, oute of *S*uthampton,
To take *M*elodye, and *M*irthes, among my *M*akes;
With *R*edyng of *ROMAUNCES*, and *R*evelyng among,
The *D*ym of the *D*erknesse *D*rewe me into the west;
And be*G*on for to spryng in the *G*rey day.
Than *L*ift y up my *L*yddes, and *L*oked in the sky,
And *K*newe by the *K*ende *C*ours, hit clered in the est:
*B*lyve y *B*usked me down, and to *B*ed went,
For to *C*omforte my *K*ynde, and *C*acche a slepe.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y *H*oved on *H*igh on an *H*ill,
And loked *D*oun on a *D*ale *D*epest of othre;
Ther y *S*awe in my *S*ighte a *S*elcouthe peple;
The *M*ultitude was so *M*oche, it *M*ighte not be nombred:
Methoughte y herd a *C*rowned *K*yng, of his *C*ommunes axe
A *S*oleyne[6] *S*ubsidie, to *S*usteyne his werres.

* * * * *

With that a *C*lerk *K*neled adowne and *C*arped these wordes,
*L*iege *L*ord, yif it you *L*ike to *L*isten a while,
*S*om *S*awes of *S*alomon y shall you shewe sone.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies 'to susteyne his werres,' I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of K. Henry Vth, as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The Alliterative Metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

[1] In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves in private hands.—[2] Didst dye.—[3] though.—[4] being overpowered.—[5] *i. e.* either, or.—[6] solemn.

Heir begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit Wemen, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister William Dunbar.[1]

'Upon the *M*idsummer evven *M*irriest of nichtis
I *M*uvit furth alane quhen as *M*idnight was past
Besyd ane *G*udlie *G*rene *G*arth,[2] full of *G*ay flouris
*H*egeit[3] of ane *H*uge *H*icht with *H*awthorne treeis
Quairon ane *B*ird on ane *B*ransche so *B*irst out hir notis
That nevir ane *B*lythfuller *B*ird was on the *B*euche[4] hard &c.'

The Author pretends to over-hear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after *Scottish Field* (described above, in p. 220,) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of 'Thomas the Rymer,' 'Marvellous Merling,' &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus:

'Merling sayes in his book, who will *R*ead *R*ight,
Although his *S*ayings be uncouth, they *S*hall be true found,
In the seventh chapter, read *W*hoso *W*ill,
One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c.'

And the 'Prophesie of Beid:'

'Betwixt the chief of *S*ummer and the *S*ad winter;
Before the *H*eat of summer *H*appen shall a war
That *E*urop's lands *E*arnestly shall be wrought
And *E*arnest *E*nvy shall last but a while, &c.'

So again the 'Prophesie of Berlington:'

'When the *R*uby is *R*aised, *R*est is there none,
But much *R*ancour shall *R*ise in *R*iver and plain,
Much *S*orrow is *S*een through a *S*uth-hound
That beares *H*ornes in his *H*ead like a wyld *H*art, &c.'

In like Metre is the 'Prophesie of Waldhave:'

'Upon *L*owdon *L*aw alone as I *L*ay,
*L*ooking to the *L*ennox, as me *L*ief thought,
The first *M*orning of *M*ay, *M*edicine to seek
For *M*alice and *M*elody that *M*oved me sore, &c.'

And lastly, that intitled, 'The Prophesie of Gildas.'

'When holy kirk is *W*racked and *W*ill has no *W*it
And *P*astors are *P*luckt, and *P*il'd without *P*ity
When *I*dolatry *I*s *I*n ens and re
And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c.'

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the Alliteration is ex-

[1] Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in 'Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. from the MS. Collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight, of London, 1786,' 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.—[2] Garden.—[3] Hedged.—[4] Bough.

tremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not entirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old Manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

[The Essay on the Alliterative Metre will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Vol. I. p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of Alexander the Great, in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Num. 44, in the Ashmol. MSS. containing 27 passus, and beginning thus:

'Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,
fayne wolde thei her [*i.e.* hear]
Some farand thing,' &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre: (Vol. III. p. 305.) viz.

——I am a Sotherne [*i.e.* Southern] man,
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter,

that the fondness for this species of versification, &c. was retained longest in the Northern provinces: And that the Author of 'Pierce Poughman's Visions' is in the best MSS. called William, without any surname. See Vol. IV. p. 74. Add. Note, Ed. 1794].

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

The following Song, intitled, The Complaint of Conscience, is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript. Some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary, by inclosing the corrections between brackets.

As I walked of late by [an] wood side,
To God for to meditate was my entent;
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was besprent,
His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

Ver. 1, one, MS.

This made me muse, and much [to] desire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
'My name,' quoth he, 'is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.'

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd [me] sit downe,
'And I will,' saithe he, 'declare my whole greefe;
My name is called Conscience:'—wheratt he did frowne,
He pined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
'[Thoughe now, silly wretche, I 'm denyed all releef,]
[Yet] while I was young, and tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kings councell [I] sate in commission;
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:
I was ever holden in honest condition,
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine;
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
But Conscience was called to be at [the] end.

Ver. 15, him, MS.—Ver. 19, not in MS.—Ver. 23, he sate, MS.—Ver. 35, an end, MS.

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make
But I was called a wittenesse therto:
No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:
[And] that makes mé live now in great woe,
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names [thus they call]
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:
They never prevail'd, till they had wrought my downe-fall;
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
And [now ever since] abroad have I tryed
To have had entertainment with some one or other;
But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to the Court the gallants to winn,
But the porter kept me out of the gate:
To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,
They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my state;
Goe, goe! threed-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
With whom evermore I esteemed have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did [dwell]:
But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;
'For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!'
They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame;

Ver. 43, they be these, MS.—Ver. 46, was derided, MS.—Ver. 53, packe me, MS.—Ver. 57, wonne, MS

They lought at my raggs, and there had good game;
'This is old threed-bare Conscience, that dwelt with saint Peter:'
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord [he] doth know;
I having but one poor pennye in my purse,
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;
[For] I thought better cobble shooes than doe worse.
Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to [seeke] where I was borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:
Not doubting but there I some favor shold find,
For my name and the place agreed soe fit;
But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For [thoughe] the judge us'd my name in everye [commission,]
The lawyers with their quillets wold get [my] dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;
Good lord! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee!
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Ver. 70, see, MS.—Ver. 76, condicion, MS.—Ver. 77, get a, MS.

Next the Merchants said, 'Counterfeite, get thee away,
Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us;
For when we wold reape profitt here thou woldst accuse us.'

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;
Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
[Telling] how their forefathers held me in fame:
And at letting their farmes [how always I came].
They sayd, 'Fye upon thee! we may thee curse:
[Theire] leases continue, and we fare the worse.'

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore,
And sware that their landlords had plagued them so,
That they were not able to keepe open doore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best fare.

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;
Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
Wee are [all] put to silence, and live upon weeds,
[And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds]:
Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will answer one day.'

Ver. 95, And how, MS.—Ver. 101, so sore, MS.—Ver. 109, ill, MS.—Ver. 110, not in MS.

'Why then,' I said to him, 'me-thinks it were best
To goe to the Clergie; for dailye they preach
Eche man to love you above all the rest;
Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes-[deeds], they teach.'
'O,' said he, 'noe matter of a pin what they preach,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes they will[1] give none.'

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
'First,' said he, 'banish Pride, then all England were blest;
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,
And then good [house-keeping wold revive] out of hand.'

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, intitled, 'The Garland of Goodwill.'—*Ignorance* is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you
So sadly here you staye?

Ver. 119, almes-deeds, MS.—Ver. 126, houses every where wold be kept, MS.

[1] We ought in justice and truth to read 'can.'

And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,[1]
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man;
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Thee was not worth a vart:
Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then;

[1] *i. e.* faithen: as in the Midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes. A.

And every thing was plenty
Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry,' sayd the people,
'And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n.'

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul'd that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke;
Tis too big to be true.
Our blessed ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe;
Zuch pretty prayers as there bee,[1]
The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe;
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
And vools no Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well;
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may say to thee,

[1] Probably alluding to the illuminated Psalters, Missals, &c.

Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see:
For what art thou the better.
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in;
And then to zee the rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—
But now to zee them wandring
My heart with zorrow vaints.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,
Nor that unto idolatry
You should your self betake:
The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint.
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe:

The holy maid of Kent[1] likewise
Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure;
And to the men that made them
So precious and so pure;
The one for being a traytoure,
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodnesse;
Would they were with us stille!
We had our holy water,
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
With vain and empty showe,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe:
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee.

[1] By name Eliz. Barton, executed Apr. 21, 1534. Stow, p. 570.

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his zon,
And with the zubtil papistes
Ich have for ever done.

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.' The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the Apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person.' This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the *Wandering Jew;* whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. II. Book 3, Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion. The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys collection.[1]

When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place;
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the street to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

[1] We need hardly recount the numerous fictions, or poems, which have since been founded on this story, such as Shelley's 'Ahasuerus;' a novel by John Galt; a tale in an early work of Lord John Russell's, entitled, 'Essays by a Gentleman who had left his Lodgings;' and Croly's splendid romance of 'Salathiel,' which the literary world would like to see completed.—Ed.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, 'Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare.'

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
'I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed.'
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe;
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne,
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

'I'll rest,' sayd hee, 'but thou shalt walke,'
So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria;
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone:
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

'If you had seene his death,' saith he,
'As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.'
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled 'Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie divided into sixe books . . . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo.' This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in 1608,[1] the other in 1611.[2] So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's Life of Sir W. Raleigh, p. 173, fol.[3]

Goe, soule! the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

[1] Catalog. of T. Rawlinson, 1727.—[2] Cat. of Sion Coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.—[3] This beautiful poem has been ascribed to others, such as Richard Edwards, Lord Essex, T. Davison, and Joshua Sylvester, but was ascribed to Raleigh during his lifetime. A copy of it is traced as far back as 1593. He did write a poem, some say two, on the night ere his execution, but not the above.—ED.

Goe, tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe, tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it 's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbin,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some Punning Verses made on the disputations at Stirling: but it having been suggested to the editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre;[1] it was thought proper to exchange them for two Sonnets of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY:

From K. James's works in folio: Where is also printed another called his Majesty's *own* Sonnet; it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was *not* his Majesty's *own* Sonnet.[2]

[1] See a folio intitled, 'The Muses welcome to King James.'—[2] See Washington Irving's paper in the Sketch-book, 'A Royal Poet.'—Ed.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in his sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie king divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH HINDRED THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET IN JANUARY 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest anticlimax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire!
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the cankred king of Creta land,[1]
That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire
Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?[2]
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

[1] Saturn.—[2] Janus.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast:
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curs'd be that love and mought[1] continue short,
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

VI.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of *King John and the Abbot* seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I, from one much older, intitled, 'King John and the Bishop of Canterbury.' The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), intitled 'King Olfrey and the Abbot.'[2] Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning 'King Henry and a Bishop,' with this stinging moral:

'Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.'[3]

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to 'The tune of Derry down.'

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

[1] *i.e.* may it.—[2] See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, p. 15.—[3] The story of this ballad is found in an old Saxon book, called the 'Adventures of Howleglass,' 1483, and also in a collection of Spanish novels, 1576.—Ed.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

'How now,' father abbot, 'I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.'

'My liege,' quo' the abbot, 'I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.'

'Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

'And first,' quo' the king, 'when I 'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

'Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

'O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.'

'Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.'

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
'How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good king John?'

'Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.'

'Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I 'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.'

'Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.'

'Now welcome, sire abbot,' the king he did say,
'Tis well thou 'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,[1]
'I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.'

[1] Meaning probably St. Botolph.

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you 'll ride it about.'

The king he laughed, and swore 'by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.'

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I 'm the abbot of Canterbùry;
But I 'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.'

The king he laughed, and swore 'by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!'
'Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade.'

'Four nobles a weeke, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.'

* *
*

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

This little Sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619.[1] The consequences of this fatal election are well known. Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this

[1] See our life of Quarles.—Ed.

unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, 'because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia.' See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy. It had been set to music and printed 1624.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number, than your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents: what 's your praise,
When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shal be seene
In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
By virtue first, then choyce a queén;
Tell me, if she was not design'd
Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous 'poems and songs' in a book intitled, 'Le Prince d'amour,' 1660, 8vo. It was first printed in the reign of James First.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks:
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or care,
Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays.
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestor's old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.[1] ***

[1] In the version of this quaint and admirable song now usually sung, a stanza describing the good old gentleman's death has been introduced.—ED.

IX.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l*. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that 'the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths.' [Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, 'Musarum deliciæ: or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2d. edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656, 12mo.' ——[See Wood's Athenæ. II. 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

'But now there is peace, he 's return'd to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a,
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
At Barwick away it went-a.'

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you 'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee 'ld have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

Ver. 22, John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's Dict.

X.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate house Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ. Vol. II. p. 228, and Lyson's Environs of London, Vol. I. p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, 'Lucasta,' 1649, 12mo. collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.[1]

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

Ver. 10, with woe-allaying themes, MS. Thames is here used for water in general.

[1] Lucasta was a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, who, hearing that Lovelace had died at Dunkirk, married another.—Ed.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the herse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins and Rich. Chaloner, suffered death July 5, 1643. *Vid.* Ath. Ox. II. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,

Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that 's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house, as they were sitting.
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For any thing I know,
Than that Tomkins and Chaloner,
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still,
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I 'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the parliament.
An informer swore, it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed;
I 'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you 'll leave them ne'er a cross,
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I 'd pull down Tiburn too.

*** Witlocke says, 'May 3, 1643, Cheapside cross and other crosses were voted down,' &c.——But this Vote was not put in execution with regard to Charing Cross till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations on the Life, &c. of K. Charles, viz. 'Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which, being well-polished, looked like marble.' Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an Account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

XII.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's 'Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.' Lond. 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange.[1]—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in the 'Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671,' 12mo.

[1] Sir Roger L'Estrange was a kind of pamphlet and squib writer to the Court. He died in 1704, aged 88.—Ed.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction! for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I 'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I 'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late 's grown charitable, sure,
I 'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,[1]
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:

[1] See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum. Lib. 3, c. 28. Cic. de Offic. Lib. 1, c. 30; see also Vol. Max. 1. 8.

My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part 's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

'This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.] The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety.' Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I.

It is in his 'Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton,' p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original.

It is there intitled, 'MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.'

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, 'that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic.' See his hist. 1763, 4to. Vol. V. pp. 437, 442, which is no bad comment upon them. These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little Poem *On a quiet Conscience*, printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. VIII. is attributed to K. Charles I; being reprinted from a thin 8vo. published by Nahum Tate, called 'Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.'

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd:
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they 'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE.

XIV.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in 'A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c.' 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

Rebellion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I 'll promise to use you well:
Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They 're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here 's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
And for a small matter I 'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on 't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I 'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,

And the little pipes to squeeke higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here 's a couple of stools for sale,
One 's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the ropers trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here 's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,[1]
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here 's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

[1] Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, April 20, 1653.

Here 's a roll of the states tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I 'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have took 't,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
And curb of Dissimulation:
And here 's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd:
But Hell will buy that if the worst is.

Here 's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here 's the purse of the public faith;
Here 's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
Here 's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray, and his slings;
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I 'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, &c.

Ver. 86, This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's houshold, &c. See Gent. Mag. for March, 1788, p. 242.—Ver. 94, See Hudibras, Pt. I. Cant. 2. ver. 570, &c.—Ver. 100, 102, Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobler.

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY,

Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

'Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grass lye down-a:
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a?'

'Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
My gowne, and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.'

'I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I 'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We 'll play, and none shall knowe it.'

'O, yonder stands my steed so free
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He 'll take my steed away, sir.'

'Upon my finger I have a ring,
Its made of finest gold-a;
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.'

'O, go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir:
And you shall have the best of all,
And I 'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.'

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

'Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I 'll send
To wait on you back again, sir.'

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a:
'And cursed,' he said, 'be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!'

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And wip'd it upon her gown-a;
'And curs'd be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir:
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.'

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

'Now, lady faire, I 've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.'

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
'How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger?'

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer;
And cryed, 'As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.'

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand:
She had a plot invented.

'Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.'

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
'Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.'

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
'Help, helpe, or else I 'm drownded!'

'Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.'

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

'False lady, here thou 'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.'

'I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a:
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.'

'A gentle jest, in soothe!' he cry'd,
'To tumble me in and leave me:
What if I had in the river dy'd?——
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I 'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.'

'Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.'

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance:
'Now,' smiling thought this lovely lass,
'I 'll make you keep your distance.'

Then pulling off his boots half-way;
'Sir knight, now I 'm your betters:
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.'

The knight when she had served soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled:
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

'Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:
I 'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle:
You 'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.'

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a:
'I 'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

I 'll take her father by the beard,
I 'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.'

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, 'sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour:
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.'

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
'Sir knight, if you 'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I 'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir:
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir.'

'False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.'

'The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir.
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I 've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure:
Then step a-cross to the other bank,
And there we 'll take our pleasure.'

These words she had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over:
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;
And sous'd the unhappy lover.

* *
*

XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this Book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe 't?
Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

XVII.

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours.[1] Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen *mad songs* for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last [17th] century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within this present century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request 'by Mr William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the *Hunter in his career*, and of *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note,' p. 84. See Sir John Hawkins's curious Edition, 8vo. of that excellent old book.

[1] Some explain this fact on the ground, that after the dissolution of the religious houses, the poor were reduced to beggary, and to wander through the country in those disguises thought best fitted to excite pity and to escape detection. Of these, the disguise of madness was found the most effectual.—Ed.

Forth from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man:
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blows aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell:
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.[1]

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college?
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel[2]
I had my education,
Where my friends surmise
I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four poor quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxe's martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

[1] Corbet was successively Dean of Christ Church and Bishop of Oxford and Norwich. He died in 1635.—Ed.—[2] Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion:
  Take off this chain,
  Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
  If they let me alone
  I 'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
  I kept him aloof
  With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster:
  But the sons of pride
  My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of Inspiration;
  I made her stink,
  And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book[1] between them.
I have been in despair
Five times in a year,
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.[2]
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's tables[3]
The black line of damnation;
Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop,[4]
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.

[1] Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. Vol. II. p. 501. He was author of a book, intitled, 'The Fiery Flying Roll:' and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose title is, 'The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt,' &c.—[2] See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract intitled, 'A sweet Comfort for an afflicted Conscience.'—[3] See Perkins's Works, fol. 1616, Vol. I. p. 11; where is a large half sheet folded, containing, 'A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation, &c.' the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.—[4] Abp. Laud.

Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

XIX.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

——is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.

Grim king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon doth waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I 'll pay.

I 'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain:
I 'll go, I 'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:
But if she prove peevish and proud,
Then, a pise on her love! let her go;
I 'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure
As knowing not what I say.

The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain?

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,

Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie:
'Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover?' I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.
To the Elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

XX.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

——was originally sung in one of Tom D'urfey's comedies of Don Quixote acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. sullenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are printed from D'urfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. I.

From rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
Hither ye little wanton cupids fly;
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
With a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celestial bodies:
With an air, and a face,
And a shape, and a grace,
I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow:
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, and drown
Among the foaming billows?
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,
Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad!
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm.
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore!
A thousand thousand times I'll dye
Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this [18th] century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the 'Companion to the Playhouse,' &c. The sprightliness of this Songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his Poems, 4to, Lond. 1729, may be seen another Mad Song of this author, beginning thus:[1]

'Gods! I can never this endure,
Death alone must be my cure,' &c.

I go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store:

[1] Carey wrote the popular ditty of 'Sally in our Alley.'—Ed.

Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I 've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me!
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling, and howling
And grumbling and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease!

XXII.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Num. XX. was originally sung in one of D'urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694) and was probably composed by that popular Songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the 'Hive, a Collection of Songs,' 4 vols. 1721, 12mo. where may be found two or three other Mad Songs not admitted into these Volumes.

I BURN, my brain consumes to ashes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry weather,
Pour them all on my soul,
It will hiss like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
And mourn now my fate,
Which myself did create:
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
Off ye vain fantastic toys!
That dress this face—this body—to allure!
Bring me daggers, poison, fire!
Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

LILLI BURLERO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

'A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish

words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.[1] *Burnet.*

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by K. James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's 'State of the Protestants in Ireland,' 1691, 4to.

Lilliburlero and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.[1]

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by saint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law 's on dare side, and Chrish knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.
We 'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

Ver. 7, Ho by my shoul. al. ed.

[1] The song has been ascribed not only to Lord Wharton but to Lord Dorset. For Tyrconnel's character see Macaulay's 'England.'—Ed.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no protestant heir.
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation 's our own.
Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
'Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass, and a dog.'
Lilli, &c.

Ver. 43, What follows is not in some copies.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja**s is de ass.
Lilli, &c.

*** The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, intitled, 'A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Q. Elizabeth's birth-day &c,' 3d. ed. Lond. 1712, pr. 2d.—See p. 5, viz.—'A late Viceroy [of Ireland,] who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song;* with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms.'

XXIV.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

—was written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq; who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.[1]

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

1 Wordsworth, in his exquisite 'Yarrow Unvisited,' quotes this Ballad.—Ed.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What 's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then, busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,

How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me:

My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy luver heeds none of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

XXV

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

——was a Party Song written by the ingenious author of 'Leonidas,'[1] on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739. The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruizing in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate.[2] This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,

[1] An ingenious Correspondent informs the Editor, that this ballad hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.—[Glover, the author of 'Leonidas' and the 'Athenais,' was a merchant and an active M.P. for Weymouth; he died in 1785. —Ed.]—[2] Thomson describes the scene at Carthagena in his 'Summer,' and Smollett in 'Roderick Random.'—Ed.

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watry grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford[1] rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, oh! heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory,
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold:
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;

[1] Admiral Vernon's ship.

Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying,
He has play'd an English part!
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.'

XXVI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq;[1] soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

[1] See our Edition of that Poet, page 164.—Ed.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O, had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
'Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.'

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For tho' it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Now, now,' she cried, 'I'll follow thee!

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE

OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

For words not found here, consult the former Glossary.

A

A deid of nicht, s. in dead of night.
Aboven ous, above us.
Advoutry, Advouterous, adultery, adulterous.
Aff, s. off.
Ahte, ought.
Aith, s. oath.
Al, albeit, although.
Alemaigne, f. Germany.
Alyes, probably corrupted for *algates,* always.
Ancient, or *ancyent,* a flag, banner.
Angel, a gold coin worth 10s.
Ant, and.
Apliht, al aplyht, quite complete.
Argabushe, harquebusse, an old-fashioned kind of musket.
Ase, as.
Aslake, abate.
Attowre, s. out over, over and above.
Avowe, vow.
Azein, agein, against.
Azont the ingle, s. beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room.[1]

B

Bairded, s. bearded.
Balow, s. a nursery term, hush! lullaby! &c.
Ban, curse; *banning,* cursing.
Banket, banquet.
Battes, bats, heavy sticks, clubs.
Bayard, a noted blind horse in old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is called *Bayard Montalbon,* by Skelton, in his 'Phillip Sparrow.'
Be, s. by.
Be that, by that time.
Bearing, carrying well.
Bearn, bairn, s. child: also human creature.
Bed, bade.

[1] In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages, they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow-window: the fire is in a grate, like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room.—(Mr. Lambe.)

Bede, offer, engage.
Bedeene, immediately.
Befall, befallen.
Befoir, *s.* before.
Ben, *s.* within, the inner-room.[1]
Bene, *bean*, an expression of contempt.
Beoth, be, are.
Ber the prys, bare the prize.
Berys, beareth.
Besene, clad.
Besprent, besprinkled.
Bested, abode.
Bet, better.
Bett, did beat.
Bewraies, discovers, betrays.
Bi mi leautè, by my loyalty, honesty.
Bille, letter.
Birk, *s.* birch-tree.
Blan, *blanne*, did *blin*, *i.e.* linger, stop.
Blent, ceased.
Blink, *s.* a glimpse of light: the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.
Boist, *boisteris*, *s.* boast, boasters.
Bollys, bowls.
Bonny, *s.* handsome, comely.
Boote, gain, advantage.
Bot, *s.* but: sometimes it seems used for 'both,' or 'besides,' 'moreover.'
Bot, *s.* without.
Bot dreid, without dread, *i.e.* certainly.
Bougils, *s.* bugle horn.
Bout, contest.
Bowndyn, bounden.
Braes of Yarrow, *s.* the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.
Brade, *braid*, *s.* broad.
Braifly, *s.* bravely.
Braw, *s.* brave.
Brayd, *s.* arose, hastened.
Brayd attowre the bent, *s.* hasted over the field.
Brede, *bread*, breadth. So Chauc.
Brenand drake, may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or firework so called: Here (p. 15) it seems to signify 'burning embers, or firebrands.'
Brestschuldnot, by way of armour.
Brimme, public, universally known, *A. S. bryme*, idem.
Brouk her with winne, enjoy her with pleasure, *A. S. brok.*
Brouch, an ornamental trinket: a stone-buckle for a woman's breast, &c.
Brohte, *brocht*, brought.
Brozt, ditto.
Buen, *bueth*, been, be, are.
Buik, *s.* book.
Burgens, buds, young shoots.
But, without; *but let*, without hindrance.
Bute, *s.* boot, advantage, good.
Butt, *s.* out, the outer room.

C

Cadgily, *s.* merrily, chearfully.
Caliver, a kind of musket.
Can curtesye, know, understand good manners.
Cannes, wooden cups, bowls.
Cantabanqui, Ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.
Cantles, pieces, corners.
Canty, *s.* cheerful, chatty.
Capul, a poor horse.
Carle, churl, clown. It is also used in the North for a strong hale old man.
Carline, *s.* the feminine of *Carle.*
Carpe, to speak, recite; also, to censure.
Carping, reciting.
Cham, I am. (Som. dial.)
Chayme, Cain.
Che, (Somerset dialect.) I.
Cheis, *s.* choose.
Cheefe, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.
Chill, (Som. dial.) I will.

[1] 'But o' house' means the outer part of the house, outer-room; viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. 'Ben o' house,' is the inner-room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter (p. 51) did not lie out of doors.—The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a But, and a Ben. (*Vid.* Gloss. to Vol. III.)—Mr. Lambe.

Chould, (ditto) I would.
Chylded, brought forth, was delivered.
Chylder, children, children's.
Clattered, beat so as to rattle.
Clead, *s.* clad, clothe.
Clenking, clinking, jingling.
Clepe, call.
Clot, clod.
Cohorted, incited, exhorted.
Cokeney, seems to be a diminutive for *Cook;* from the Latin *Coquinator*, or *Coquinarius*. The meaning, where it occurs, seems to be, that 'Every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them.' Chaucer's Cant. Tales.
Cold rost, (a phrase) nothing to the purpose.
Com, came.
Con, *can*, gan, began. Item, *Con springe* (a phrase) sprung. *Con fare*, went, passed.
Coote, coat.
Cop, head, the top of any thing. *Sax.*
Cost, or *coste*, coast, side.
Cotydyallye, daily, every day.
Covetise, covetousness.
Could bear, a phrase for bare. *Could creip*, *s.* crept. *Could say*, said. *Could weip*, *s.* wept.
Could his good, Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.
Counceyle, conceal.
Couthen, knew.
Crepyls, cripples.
Cretch, crutch.
Croft, an inclosure near a house.
Croiz, cross.
Crook my knee, make lame my knee. They say in the north, 'The horse is crookit,' *i.e.* lame. 'The horse crooks,' *i.e.* goes lame.
Crouneth, crown ye.
Crumpling, crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.
Cule, *s.* cool.
Culliver, a species of musket.
Cummer, *s.* gossip, friend, *fr. Commere*, *compere.*
Cure, care, heed, regard.

D

Dale, *s.* deal, *bot give I dale*, unless I deal.
Dan, an ancient title of respect; from *Lat.* Dominus.
Danske, Denmark, query.
Darh, perhaps for there.
Darh, need.
Darr'd s. hit.
Dart the trie, *s.* hit the tree.
Daukin, diminutive of David.
Daunger hault, coyness holdeth.
Deare day, charming, pleasant day.
Dede is do, deed is done.
Deere, hurt, mischief.
Deerlye dight, richly fitted out.
Deimt, *s.* deem'd, esteem'd.
Deir, *s.* dear. Item, hurt, trouble, disturb.
Deme, *deemed*, judge, doomed.
Dent, a dint, blow.
Deol, dole, grief.
Deray, noise and confusion.
Dere, *deere*, dear: also hurt.
Derked, darkened.
Dern, *s.* secret; *i' dern*, in secret.
Devyz, devise, the act of bequeathing by will.
Deze, deye, die.
Dill, still, calm, mitigate.
Do, doe.
Don, down.
Doughtiness of dent, sturdiness of blows.
Doz-trogh, a dough-trough, a kneading-trough.
Dozter, daughter.
Drogh, pulled.
Drowe, drew.
Drake, see *Brenand Drake.*
Dryng, drink.
Dude, did. *Dudest*, didst.
Duchty, doughty.
Dule, *s. duel*, *dol*, dole, grief.
Dyce, *s.* dice, chequer-work.
Dyht, to dispose, order.
Dyne, *s.* dinner.
Dyscus, discuss.
Dystrayne, vex.
Dyzt, *vid.* dight.

E

Eard, *s.* earth.
Earn, *s.* to curdle, make cheese.
Egge, urge on.
Eiked, *s.* added, enlarged.
Elvish, peevish :—fantastical.
Eme, kinsman, uncle.
Ene, *s.* eyn, eyes. *Ene*, *s.* even.
Ensue, follow.
Entendement, *f.* understanding.
Ententifly, to the intent, purposely.
Er, *ere*, before, are. *Ere*, ear.
Ese, ease.
Ettled, aimed.

F

Fader, *Fatheris*, *s.* father, fathers.
Fain, fond.
Fair of feir, *s.* of a fair and healthful look (Ramsay). Perhaps, far off (free from) fear.
Falsing, dealing in falshood.
Fang, seize, carry off.
Fannes, instruments for winnowing corn.
Fauzt, *faucht*, *s.* fought. Item, fight.
Fedyrs, feathers.
Fee, land
Feil, *fele*, many. So Hardinge has '*Lords fele*,' *i.e.* 'many Lords,' c. 239.
Felay, *feloy*, *felawe*, fellow.
Fele, *fell*, furious, skin.
Fend, defend.
Fere, *or feir*, fear. Item, companion, wife.
Ferliet, *s.* wondered.
Ferly, wonder; also, wonderful.
Fest, feast.
Fey, *s.* predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality.
Feztyng, fighting.
Fie, *s.* beasts, cattle.
Firth, *Frith*, *s.* a wood. It. an arm of the sea, *l. fretum*.
Fles, fleece.
Fleyke, a large kind of hurdle: Cows are frequently milked in hovels made of *Fleyks*.
Flowan, *s.* flowing.
Fond, contrive; also, endeavour, try.
Force, *no force*, no matter.
Forced more the field, *i.e.* occupied himself more in field sports.
Forefend, avert, hinder.
For-fought, or *foght*, over-fought.
Forwatcht or *forewacht*, overwatched, kept awake.
Fors, *I do no fors*, I don't care.
Fowkin, a cant word for a *crepitus ventris*.
Fox't, drunk.
Frae thay begin, from their beginning, from the time they begin.
Freers, *fryars*, friars, monks.
Freake, *freeke*, *freyke*, man, human creature.
Freyke, humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.
Freyned, asked.
Frie, *s. fre*, free.
Fyzt, fight.

G

Ga, *gais*, *s.* go, goes.
Gaberlunzie, *gaberlunyie*, *s.* a wallet.
Gaberlunzie-man, *s.* a wallet-man, *i.e.* tinker, beggar.
Gadlings, *gadelyngys*, gadders, idle fellows.
Gadryng, gathering.
Galliard, a sprightly kind of dance.
Gayed, made gay (their clothes).
Gear, *geire*, *geir*, *gair*, *s.* goods, effects, stuff.
Geere will sway, this matter will turn out; affair terminate.
Gederede ys host, gathered his host.
Gef, *geve*, *gaf*, give.
Gest, act, feat, story, history.
Gie, *gien*, *s.* give, given.
Gillore, (*Irish*), plenty.
Gimp, *jimp*, *s.* neat, slender.
Girt, *s.* pierced. *Throughgirt*, pierced through.
Give, *s. gif*, *giff*, *giffe*, if.

Glaive, f. sword.
Glen, s. a narrow valley.
Glie, s. glee, merriment, joy.
Glist, s. glistered.
Gode, godness, good, goodness.
God before, i.e. God be thy guide: a form of blessing.[1]
God's penny, arles, earnest money.
Good, a good deal.
Good-e'ens, good-e'enings.
Gorget, the dress of the neck.
Gorvel, fat.
Gowan, s. the common yellow crow-foot, or goldcup.
Graithed (gowden), s. was caparisoned with gold.
Graythed, s. decked, put on.
Gree, gre, f. prize, victory.
Greened, grew green.
Gret, great; grieved, swoln, ready to burst.
Grippel, griping, tenacious, miserly.
Grownes, grounds (*rythmi gratia. Vid.* Sowne).
Growte, In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.[2]
Grype, a griffin.
Gyrd, girded, lashed, &c.
Gybe, jest, joke.
Gyles, s. guiles.
Gyn, engine, contryvance.
Gyse, s. guise, form, fashion.

H

Habbe, ase he brew, have as he brews.
Haggis, s. a sheep's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.
Haif, ill-will.
Hail, hale, s. whole, altogether.
Halt, holdeth.
Hame, hamward, home, homeward.
Han, have, 3 pers. plur.
Hare . . swerdes, their . . swords.
Harnisine, harness, armour.
Hartely, earnestly.
Harrowed, harassed, disturbed.
Harwos, harrows.
Hav, have.
Haves (of), effects, substance, riches.
Hawkin, synonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.
Hech, hatch, small door.
Hede, hied; he 'd, he would; heed.
Hed, hedys, head, heads.
Heil, s. hele, health.
Hecht or *heght to lay thee law, s.* promised, engaged to lay thee low.
Heicht, s. height.
Heiding-hill, s. the heading [*i.e.* beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.
Helen, heal.
Helpeth, help ye.
Hem, them.
Henne, hence.
Hent, hente, held, laid hold of; also, received.
Her lane, by herself.
Her, their.
Here, their; hear; hair.
Herkneth, hearken ye.
Hert, hertis, heart, hearts.
Hes, s. has.
Het, hot.
Hether, s. heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choke the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire; the rapidity of which gives poets apt and noble similes.
Heuch, s. a rock or steep hill.
Hevede, hevedest, had, hadst.
Heveriche, hevenriche, heavenly.
Heyze, high; *Heyd, s.* hied.
Hicht; a-hicht, s. on height.
Hie dames to wail, s. high [or,

[1] So in Shakespear's K. Hen. V. (A. 3, sc. 8), the King says,
'My army 's but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God Before, tell him we will come on.'

[2] Growte is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats (*i.e.* hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it.—(Mr Lambe.)

great] ladies to wail; or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.
Hight, promised, engaged; also, named.
Hilt, taken off, flayed. *Sax. hyl dan.*
Hinch-boys, hench- (properly *haunch-*) *men*, pages of honour: pages attending on persons of office.
Hind, *s.* behind.
Hinny, *s.* honey.
Hit, it; *hit be write*, it be written.
Holden, hold.
Holtis hair, *s.* hoar hills.
Holy-roode, holy cross.
Honden wrynge, hands wring.
Hop-halt, limping; hopping, and halting.
Houzle, give the sacrament.
Howeres, howers, hours.
Huerte, heart.
Hye, hyest, high, highest.
Hynd attowre, *s.* behind, over, or about.
Hyp-halt or *hyphalte*, lame in the hip.
Hys, his; also, is.
Hyt, hytt, it.
Hyznes, highness.
Hyzt, promised.

I

Janglers, talkative persons, tell-tales. Also, wranglers.
I-fere or *in-fere*, together.
I-lore, lost. *I-strike*, stricken.
I-trowe, [I believe,] verily.
I-wisse, [I know,] verily.
Ich, I. *Ich biqueth*, I bequeath.
Jear, sport.
Jenkin, diminutive of John.
Ilk; this ilk, *s.* this same.
Ilke, every ilke, every one.
Ilk one, each one.
Illfardly, *s.* ill-favour'dly, uglily.
Inowe, enough.
Into, *s.* in.
Jo, *s.* sweet-heart, friend. *Jo* is properly the contraction of *Joy*, so *rejoice* is written *rejoce* in old Scottish MSS., particularly Banatyne's, passim.
Jo forth, p. 16, corruptly printed *so*, should probably be *loo*, *i.e.* halloo.
Is, his.
Ise, *s.* I shall.
I say, I tell.
Its neir, *s.* it shall ne'er.
Jupe, *s.* an upper garment; *fr.* a petticoat.

K

Kauk, *s.* chalk.
Keipand, *s.* keeping.
Keel, *s.* raddle.
Kempes, soldiers, warriours.
Kend, *s.* knew.
Kene, keen.
Kexis, elder sticks used for candles.
Kid, kyd, kithed, made known, shown.
Kirn, *s.* churn.
Kists, *s.* chests.
Kith and Kin, acquaintance and kindred.
Knyzt, knight.
Kowe, cow.
Kye, kine, cows.
Kythe, appear; also, make appear, shew, declare.
Kythed, *s.* appeared.

L

Lane, lain, *s.* lone; *her lane*, alone, by herself.
Laide unto her, imputed to her.
Lardrie, larder.
Lasse, less.
Lasse of myht, loss of might.
Last talk, left talking.
Layne, lien; also, laid.
Lazar, leper.
Leek, phrase of contempt.
Leal, leil, *s.* loyal, honest, true; *f. loyal.*
Leaute, loyalty.
Leiman, leman, lover, mistress.

Leir, s. lere, learn.
Lenger, longer.
Lengeth in, resideth in.
Leves and bowes, leaves and boughs.
Leuch, leugh, lugh, s. laughed.
Leyke, like, play.
Lie, s. lee, field, plain.
Liege-men, vassals, subjects.
Lightly, easily.
Lire, flesh, complexion.
Lith, lieth.
Lodlye, lothly, loathsome.
Lo'e, s. love.
Loht.... (Ballad I. v. 45).
Loo, haloo!
Lore, lesson, doctrine, learning.
Lore, lost.
Lorrel, a sorry, worthless person.
Losel, ditto.
Loud and still, phr. at all times.
Lought, lowe, lugh, laughed.
Lowns, s. blazes. Rather opposed to windy, boisterous.
Lowte, lout, bow, stoop.
Lude, luid, luivt, s. loved.
Luef, love.
Luiks, s. looks.
Lyard, Grey: a name given to a horse from its grey colour, as Bayard from bay.
Lys, lies.
Lyven na more, live no more, no longer.
Lyzt, light.

M.

Maden, made.
Making, sc. verses; versifying.
Marrow, s. equal.
Mart, s. marred, hurt, damaged.
Mane, maining, s. moan, moaning.
Mangonel, an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c. before the invention of gunpowder.
Margarite, a pearl, *lat.*
Maugre, spite of.
Maze, a labyrinth,[1] any thing intangled or intricate.
Me, men. *Me con*, men 'gan or began.
Me-thuncketh, methinks.
Mean, moderate, middle-sized.
Meid, s. mood.
Meise, mease, s. soften, reduce, mitigate.
Mell, honey; also, meddle, mingle.
Mense the faught, s. measure the battle. *To give to the mense*, is, to give above the measure. *Twelve, and one to the mense*, is common with children in their play.
Messager, f. messenger.
Mewe, cage.
Minny, s. mother.
Mirke, s. dark, black.
Mirry, s. meri, merry.
Miskaryed, miscarried.
Mister, s. to need.
Mo, moe, more.
Moiening, by means of, *fr.*
Mome, a dull, stupid person.
Mone, moon.
Mornyng, mourning.
Mote I thee, might I thrive.
Mowe, may; *mou, s.* mouth.
Muchele bost, mickle boast, great boast.
Mude, s. mood.
Mulne, mill.
Murne, murnt, murning, s. mourn, mourned, mourning.
Myzt, myzty, might, mighty.

N

Natheless, nevertheless.
Neat, oxen, cows, large cattle.
Neatherd, a keeper of cattle.
Neatresse, a female ditto.
Nere, ne were; were it not for.
Nest, nyest, next, nearest.
Noble, a gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.
Nollys, noddles, heads.

[1] On the top of Catharine-hill, Winchester (the usual play-place of the school), was a very perplexed and winding path, running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a MIZ-MAZE. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Nom, took. *Nome*, name.
Non, none. *None*, noon.
Nonce, purpose; *for the nonce*, for the occasion.
Norse, *s.* Norway.
Nou, now.
Nout; nocht, *s.* nought; also, not. *Nout*, p. 7, seems for '*ne mought*.'
Nowght, nought.
Nowls, noddles, heads.
Noye, annoy; query.
Noye oute, annoyance.
Nozt, nought, not.
Nyzt, night.

O

Ocht, *s.* ought.
Oferlyng, superior, paramount; opposed to *underling*.
Oloft, aloft.
On, one, an.
On-lot, aloft.
Onys, once.
Ou, oure, you, you; our.
Out alas! exclamation of grief.
Out owre, *s.* out over.
Owene; awen, ain, *s.* own.

P

Pardè, perdie, verily; *f. par dieu*.
Pauky, *s.* shrewd, cunning, sly; or, saucy, insolent.
Pece, piece, sc. of cannon.
Pees, pese, peace.
Pele, a baker's peel.
Pentarchye of tenses, five tenses.
Perchmine, *f.* parchment.
Per fay, *s.* verily, *f. par foy*.
Perkin, diminutive of Peter.
Persit, *s. pearced*, pierced.
Petye, pity.
Peyn, pain.
Pibrochs, *s.* Highland war-tunes.
Playand, *s.* playing.
Plett, *s.* platted.
Playn, complain.
Plyzt, plight.
Plowmell, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plough.
Poll-cat, a cant word for a whore.
Pollys, powlls, polls, head.
Poudered, a term in Heraldry, for Sprinkled over.
Powlls, polls, heads.
Press, be eager.
Priefe, prove.
Privie, secret.
Priving, *s.* proving, tasting.
Prove, proof.
Prude, pride. It. proud.
Puing, *s.* pulling.
Purchased, procured.
Purvayed, provided.

Q

Quat, *s.* quitted.
Quaint, cunning; nice, fantastical.
Quel, cruel, murderous.
Quillets, quibbles, *l. quidlibet*.
Quyle, *s.* while.
Quyt, *s.* quite.
Qwyknit, *s.* quickened, restored to life.

R

Rae, a roe.
Raik, *s.* to go apace. *Raik on raw*, go fast in a row.
Ranted, *s.* were merry.
Rashy gair, rusty stuff; ground covered with rushes.
Raught, reached, gained, obtained.
Razt, raught, reft, bereft.
Rea'me, reaume, realm.
Rede, redde, read.
Rede, read, advise, advice.
Redresse, care, labour.
Refe, reve, reeve, bailiff.
Refe, bereave, or perhaps, rive, split.
Reid, *s.* advise.
Remeid, *s.* remedy.
Rescous, rescues.
Reve, bereave, deprive.
Revers, *s.* robbers, pirates, rovers.

Rew, *s.* take pity.
Reweth, regrets, has reason to repent.
Rin, *s.* run; *renne*, ran.
Rise, shoot, bush, shrub.
Rive, rife, abounding.
Rombalowe, burden of an old song.
Rood loft, the place in the church where the images were set up.
Rudd, ruddiness, complexion.
Ruell-bones, perhaps bones diversly coloured, *f. riolè*,—or perhaps small bone-rings, from the *fr. rouelle*, a small ring or hoop.
Rugged, pulled with violence.
Russets, clothes.
Rydand, riding.
Rywe, rue.
Ryzt, right.

S

Safer, saphyre.
Savely, safely.
Saisede, seized.
Say, assay, attempt.
Schall, shall.
Schattered, shattered.
Schaw, *s.* show.
Schene, *s.* sheen, shining; also, brightness.
Schiples, *s.* shipless.
Schuke, *s.* shook.
Sclat, slate, little table-book of slates to write upon.
Scomfit, discomfit.
Scot, tax, revenue, a year's tax of the kingdom; also, shot, reckoning.
Se, *sene*, *seying*, see, seen, seeing.
See, *sees*, *s.* sea, seas.
Sege, siege.
Sek, sack.
Sely, *seely*, silly, simple.
Selven, self.
Selver, *siller*, *s.* silver.
Sen, *s.* since.
Senvy, mustard-seed, *f. senvie.*
Seve, seven.
Sey yow, say to, tell you.
Seyd, *s.* saw; *sey'd*, tried.
Shave, *be shave*, been shaven.
Sheeve, *shive*, a great slice or luncheon of bread.
Shill, shrill.
Shirt of male, or *mail*, was a garment for defence made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some, the *Hawberk* was so formed.
Sho, *s.* she.
Shope, betook me, shaped my course.
Shorte, *s.* shorten.
Shreward, a male shrew.
Shrew, a bad, an ill-tempered person.
Shrive, confess. Item, hear confession.
Shynand, *s.* shining.
Shurting, recreation, diversion, pastime.
Shunted, shunned.
Sich, *sic. s.* such.
Sich, *siched*, *s.* sigh, sighed.
Side, *s.* long.
Sindle, *s.* seldom.
Sitteth, sit ye.
Six mens' song, a song for six voices.
Skaith, *scath*, harm, mischief.
Skalk, perhaps from the *Germ. Schalck*, malicious, perverse. (Sic *Dan. Skalck*, Nequitia, malicia, &c. *Sheringham de Angl. Orig.* p. 318.) Or perhaps from the *Germ. Schalchen*, to squint. Hence our Northern word *skelly*, to squint.
Skinker, one that serves drink.
Skomfit, discomfit.
Skott, shot, reckoning.
Slattered, *slatred*, slit, broke into splinters.
Slee, sly.
Sond, a present, a sending.
Sone, *soon*, soon.
Sonn, *son*, sun.
Soothly, truly.
Sould, *s. suld*, should.
Souling, victualling. *Sowle* is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread. *A.S.* Sufle, Suffle. Joh. 21. 5. (or *to sowle*, may be from the French word

saouler, 'to stuff and cram, to glut.')
Sowne, sound.
Speare or *speere*, fasten.
Speered, sparred, i.e. fastened, shut.[1]
Speir, s. speer, speare, ask, inquire.
Spence, spens, expence.
Spindles and whorles, the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels.[2]
Spittle, hospital.
Spole, shoulder, *f. espaule*, arm pit.
Sporeles, spurless, without spurs.
Stalwart, stalworth, stout.
Startopes, buskins, or half-boots, worn by rustics, laced down before.
Stead, stede, place.
Steir, s. stir.
Stel, steel, *steilly, s.* freely.
Stirred neither top nor mast, did not salute.
Stown, s. stolen.
Stoup of weir, a pillar of war.
Strike, stricken.
Stra, strae, s. straw.
Styrt, start.
Suthe, swith, soon, quickly.
Suore bi ys chin, sworn by his chin.
Sware, swearing, oath.
Swa, sa, so.
Swarvd, swarved, climbed; or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties, *Swarmed.* To *swarm*, is to draw oneself up a tree, or any other thing, clinging to it with the legs, and arms; as hath been suggested by an ingenious Correspondent.
Swaird, the grassy surface of the ground.
Swypyng, striking fast. [Cimb. *suipan*, cite agere, or rather 'scourging,' from volvere, raptare.] *Scot. Sweap*, to scourge.
Swepyls. A Swepyl is that staff of the flail, with which the corn is beaten out, vulg. *a Supple:* (called in the midland counties a *Swindgell;* where the other part is termed the *Hand-staff.*)
Swinkers or *swynkers*, labourers.
Swyving, whoring.
Swyke, sigh.
Syns, since.
Syne, s. then.
Sythemell, Ishmael.
Sych, such.
Syth, since.
Syzt, sight.

T

Taiken, s. token, sign.
Tak tent, take heed.
Targe, target, shield.
Te, to; *te make*, to make.
Te he! interjection of laughing.
Tent, s. heed.
Terry, diminutive of *Thierry.* Theodoricus, Didericus. *Lat.* also of *Terence.*
Tha, them. *Thah*, though.
The God (p. 20), seems contracted for *The he, i.e.* high God.
The, thee, thrive. *So mote I thee*, So may I thrive.[3]
Thii, they.
Thi sone, thy son.
Thilke, this.
Thir, s. this, these.
Thir towmonds, s. these twelve months.
Tho, then, those, the.
Thole, tholed, suffer, suffered.
Thoust, thou shalt or shouldest.
Thrawis, s. throes.
Thirtti thousent, thirty thousand.
Thrif, thrive.
Through-girt, pierced through.
Thruch, throuch, s. through.
Thud, noise of a fall.

[1] So in an old 'Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c. 4to, Emprynted by Wynkyn de Worde:' we are exhorted to 'SPERE [*i. e.* shut or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south,' fol. 5.
[2] THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES, are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for shoe-makers, and even some linen-webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed Salmon-nets are made, are spun upon SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than Spinning-wheels.—Mr LAMBE.
[3] So in Chaucer, *passim.* Canterb. Tales, Vol. I. p. 308.
'God let him never THE.'

Tibbe. In Scotland *Tibbe* is the diminutive of *Isabella.*
Tickle, uncertain.
Tild down, pitched, qt.
Timkin, diminutive of Timothy.
Tint, s. lost.
Tokenyng, token.
Too-fall[1] *s.* twilight.
Trie, s. tre, tree.
Trichard, treacherous, *f. tricheur,* traitor.
Tricthen, trick, deceive.
Trough, trouth, troth.
Trumped, boasted, told bragging lies, lying stories. So in the North they say, 'that 's a *Trump,*' *i.e.* a lie. 'She goes about *trumping,*' *i. e.* telling lies.
Trumps made of a tree, perhaps 'wooden trumpets:' musical instruments fit enough for a mock turnament.
Tuke gude keip, s. kept a close eye upon her.
Turnes a crab, sc. at the fire: roasts a crab.
Tush, tusk or tooth.
Twirtle twist, s. thoroughly twisted: 'twisted,' 'twirled twist.' *f. tortille.*

V

Vaints, faints.
Vair, (Somersetsh. Dialect), fair.
Valzient, s. valiant.
Uch, each.
Vitayle, victual.
Vive, (Somerset.) five.
Unseeled, opened: a term in Falconry.
Unkempt, uncombed.
Unmufit, s. undisturbed, unconfounded. perf. *unmuvit.*
Unsonsie, s. unlucky, unfortunate.
Vriers, (Som.) friers.
Uthers, s. others.
Vazen, (Som.) probably for faithen, *i.e.* faiths; as housen, closen, &c.

W

Wa, s. wall.
Waine, waggon.
Wallowit, s. faded, withered.
Wame, s. womb.
Wan neir, s. drew near.
Wanrufe, s. uneasy.
War ant wys, wary and wise.
Ward, s. watch, sentinel.
Warke, s. work.
Warld, s. world.
Waryd, s. accursed.
Wearifu', wearisome, tiresome, disturbing.
Wedder, weather.
Wee, s. little.
Weet, s. wet.
Weet, know.
Weid, s. wede, weed, clothes, cloathing.
Weldynge, ruling.
Weinde, s. wende, went, weende, weened, thought.
Wene, weenest, ween, weenest.
Wend, wenden, go.
Wende, went, *wendeth,* goeth.
Wer, were.
Wereth, defendeth.
Werre: weir, s. war, *Warris, s.* war's.
Wes, was.
Westlin, s. western.
Whang, s. a large slice.
Wheder, whither.
Whelyng, wheelyng, wheeling.
White, pale.
Whorles, See *Spindles.*
Wildings, wild apples.
Winsome, s. agreeable, engaging.
Win, s. get, gain.
Wirke, or *wyrch wislier,* work more wisely.
Wisse, also *wysse,* direct, govern, take care of. *A.S.* ꝩiꝩian.
Wobster, s. webster, weaver.
Wode-ward, towards the wood.
Woe Worth, woe be to [thee.]
Won, wont, usage.
Wonders, wondrous.
Wote, wot, know, *I wote* verily.

[1] 'Toofall of the Night,' seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below.—[Mr. Lambe.]

Worshipfully friended, of worshipful friends.
Wow, An exclamation of wonder; also vow, (Lond. Dialect.)
Wreake, pursue revengefully.
Wreuch, *s.* wretchedness.
Wrouzt, *wrotyn*, wrought.
Wry, turn aside.
Wynnen, win, gain.
Wyt, know, knew.

Y

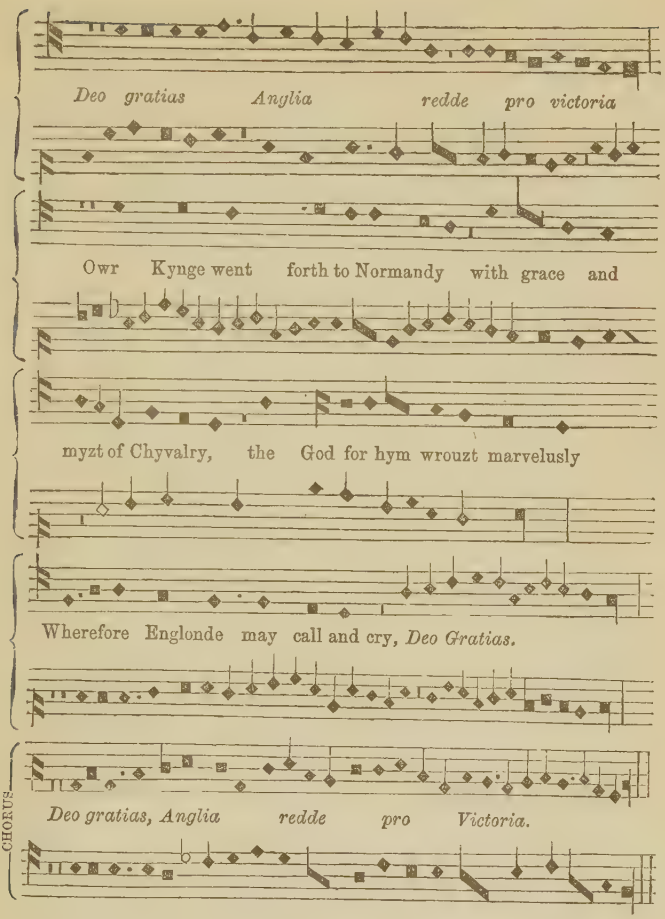
Y, I. *Y synge*, I sing.
Yae, *s.* each.
Y-beare, *Y-boren*, beare, borne. So *Y-founde*, found. *Y-mad*, made. *Y-wonne*, won.
Y-core, chosen.
Y-wis, [I know] verily.
Y-zote, molton, melted.
Yalping, *s.* yelping.
Ycha, *ilka*, each, every.
Ycholde, *yef*, I should, if.
Ychon, each one.
Yearded, buried.
Yede, *yode*, went.
Yf, if.
Yèirs, *s.* years.
Yeme, take care of. *A. S.* ȝeman.
Yent, through. *A. S.* ȝeonɒ.
Yestrene, *s.* yester-e'en.
Yit, *s. yet*, yet.
Yf, if.
Yll, ill.
Yn, house, home.
Youd, *s.* you'd, you would.
Ys, is, his, in his.
Yule, *s. yule*, christmas.
Yung, *s.* young.

Z

Zacring-bell, (Som.) or *Zeering*, *Sacring-bell*, a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.
Zee, *zeene*, (Som.) see, seen.

Drew University Library

THE NOTES REFERRED TO Vol. II. Page 20.


Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria
Owr Kynge went forth to Normandy with grace and
myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hym wrouzt marvelusly
Wherefore Englonde may call and cry, *Deo Gratias.*
CHORUS
Deo gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

3 1144 00222385 6

821.08 153875
P432r2
vol.2 Percy, Thomas, bp.
Reliques of ancient
English poetry.

821.08 153875
P432r2
vol.2 Percy, Thomas, bp.
Reliques of ancient
English poetry.

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
MADISON, NEW JERSEY